

Hymnal Companion

E. J. Collison,

From his loving
daughter, Mary.

14.4.95 (Easter Day

THE
HYMNAL COMPANION

TO THE
Book of Common Prayer.

Cantate Domino.

SECOND EDITION.

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Preface.

THIS Hymnal is designed to be a companion to "The Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church." The tables of Contents correspond. The Order of the Ecclesiastical year is observed. The hymns are ranged under those divisions of the Prayer-book, with which their subjects most easily coalesce.

It is humbly submitted to the consideration of those whom the compilers of our Liturgy address in their preface, namely, "the sober, peaceable, and truly conscientious sons of the Church of England," as a Hymnal in unison with the sound doctrine of our Prayer-book, and fitted to the comprehensive framework of its services; as containing those valuable hymns and translations which have become so deservedly popular during the last twenty years; as affording sufficient variety of hymns without the encumbrance of those seldom or never used; and,

lastly, as accompanied with a selection of the best music.

The Annotated Edition consists of three parts: (1) An Introduction explaining the principles on which the compilation is made from the most representative Church Hymn-books carefully collated, (2) The Hymnal, (3) Notes to every hymn, giving the name of the author and the approximate date when it was written, and justifying any variations allowed, though the effort has been, as far as possible, to cleave to the original text.

The Musical Edition contains those venerable tunes of the English Church which have been so long and justly prized, and, through the kind courtesy of their authors and proprietors, a very large number of these modern or revived compositions which have made the last few years an era in Church music, and also several valuable original tunes now first offered for the service of the sanctuary. The revised and enlarged Tune-book was issued under the musical editorship of the late eminent organist, J. T. Cooper, Esq., and passed under the critical eye of E. J. Hopkins, Esq., organist of the Temple Church. A reference to the names of the authors of the tunes, or to the sources from which they are taken, will prove that nearly all are the work of our first composers, or have the sanction of the highest musical authorities.

The Chant-Book Companion to the Book of Common Prayer, compiled on the same principles as the Musical Edition of the Hymnal, has been recently issued under the Editorship of Charles Vincent, Esq., Mus. Bac. Oxon, and contains upwards of six hundred chants for the Canticles, Daily Psalms, Kyries, &c., and also for such other portions of the Liturgy as are appointed to be said or sung.

May it only be vouchsafed those who have prepared, and those who shall use, this manual of praise to join hereafter the choir of those harpers harping with their harps, as they sing that new song before the Throne, which none can learn but those who are redeemed from the earth.

E. H. B.

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Doxologies.

Morning Prayer.

"VOUCHSAFE, O LORD, TO KEEP US THIS DAY
WITHOUT SIN."

1 *I myself will awake early.*
Ps. cviii. 2.

[L.M.]

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 By influence of the light Divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.
- 6 All praise to thee who safe hast kept
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 7 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will-
And with thyself my spirit fill.

MORNING PRAYER.

- 8 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.*

2

I am the light of the world.

[L.M.]

John viii. 12.

- 1 O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night:
- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 May faith deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
- 4 O hallow'd be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray;
And faithful love our noon-day light;
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 5 O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee.*

- 3 *His compassions fail not: they are new every morning.*—Lam. iii. 22. [L.M.]

- 1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

MORNING PRAYER.

- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.*

4 *When I awake, I am still with thee.* [L.M.]
 Ps. cxxxix. 18.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my slumbering powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.^b

5 *The preparations of the heart in man are from* [C.M.]
 the Lord.—Prov. xvi. 1.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

MORNING PRAYER.

- 2 We perish, if we cease from prayer:
O grant us power to pray;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.^c

6 *Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of [SIX 7a.
righteousness arise.—Mal. iv. 2.*

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.^k

7 *My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, [7s. 3.
O Lord.—Ps. v. 3.*

- 1 JESU, Sun of righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays,
Do thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night.

- 2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew;
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

MORNING PRAYER.

3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May thy love with tender glow
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve thee and obey
All the day.

4 Oh, our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake ;
Keep us ever at thy side
Till the eternal morning break
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still.

5 Lead us all our days and years
In thy strait and narrow way ;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where thy people, fully blest,
Safely rest. Amen.

8 *The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar.* [L.M.
Lev. vi. 13.

- 1 O THOU, who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn
Unquench'd, undimm'd in darkest days,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesu, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me :
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat ;
Till death thy endless mercy seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.^b

MORNING PRAYER.

9 *When wilt thou come unto me?—Ps. ci. 2.* [L.M.]

- 1 COME to me, Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.
- 2 Come to me in the sultry noon,
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest day to night.
- 3 Come to me in the evening shade,
And, if my heart from thee hath stray'd,
Oh, bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like thine evening star.
- 4 Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds its balmy power;
Let my lone spirit find her rest,
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.
- 5 Come to me through life's varied way,
And when its pulses cease to play,
Then, Saviour, bid me come to thee,
That where thou art, thy child may be.*

10 *Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I* [S.M.]
pray.—Ps. lv. 17.

- 1 COME to the morning prayer,
Come let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon beneath the Rock
Of Ages rest and pray;
Sweet is the shadow from the heat,
When the sun smites by day.
- 3 At eve shut to the door,
Round the home-altar pray,
And finding there the house of God,
At heaven's gate close the day.

MORNING PRAYER.

- 4 When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in spirit say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.*

11 *The hour of prayer.*—Acts iii. 1. [8s. 4]

- 1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,—
The hour of prayer?
- 2 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.
- 3 For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know.
- 4 Then is my strength by thee renew'd;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.
- 5 No words can tell what blest relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
What peace of mind.
- 6 Hush'd is each doubt; gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And even the penitential tear
Is wiped away.
- 7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

12 *Walk before me, and be thou perfect.* [L.M.]
Gen. xvii. 1.

- 1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go
My daily labour to pursue;

EVENING PRAYER.

Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assign'd
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.^b

Evening Prayer.

"LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS, WE BESEECH THEE
O LORD."

13 *Abide with us; for the day is far spent.* [10s.
 Luke xxiv. 29.

- 1 ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

EVENING PRAYER.

- 4 I need thy presence every passing hour :
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 5 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 6 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
 skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.^P

14 *I will arise and go to my Father.* [10s.
 Luke xv. 18.

- 1 FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath thy feet ;
Again to thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.
- 2 O we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy work from day to day declare :
Is not our life with hourly mercies crown'd ?
Does not thine arm encircle us around ?
- 3 Alas ! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove ;
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.
- 4 O by that name in whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.^P

15 *Under his wings shalt thou trust.* [L.M.
 Ps. xci. 4.

- 1 ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;

EVENING PRAYER.

- Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done :
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

16

I will lay me down in peace.

[L.M.]

Ps. iv. 8.

- 1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
Oh may no earthborn cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

EVENING PRAYER.

- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.^a

17

They forsook all, and followed him. [3s. 3s.]
Luke v. 11.

- 1 JESU, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.
- 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go.
- 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppress'd by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.
- 4 Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

- 18** *In the daytime also he led them with a [10s. 4s.
cloud, and all the night with a light
of fire.—Ps. lxxviii. 14.*

- 1 **LEAD**, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
 Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
 Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.
- 3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
- 4 Meantime along the narrow rugged path,
 Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
 Home to my God,
To rest for ever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life. **Amen.**

- 19** *At even they brought unto him all that [L.M.
were diseased.—Mark i. 32.*

- 1 **AT** even, ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around thee lay ;
O in what divers pains they met !
 O with what joy they went away !
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
 Oppress'd with various ills, draw near :
What if thy form we cannot see ?
 We know and feel that thou art here.

EVENING PRAYER.

- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they, who fain would serve thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried :
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.^b

20

*Let the lifting up of my hands be
an evening sacrifice.—Ps. cxli. 2.*

[6. 4. 6. 6.]

- 1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
- 2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd ;
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live ;
- 4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,

EVENING PRAYER.

Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast ;

5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside. .

6 Thus would I live : yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me. .

7 One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine. Amen.

21 *I meditate on thee in the night watches.* [S.M.
Ps. lxiii. 6.

- 1 THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.
- 2 We have not reach'd that land,
That happy land as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er :
O Sun of righteousness, do thou .
Shine on us evermore.^e

22 *Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.—Ps. iv. 8.* [P.M.

- 1 THE day is past and over :
All thanks, O Lord, to thee :
I pray thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

EVENING PRAYER.

- 2 The joys of day are over :
I lift my heart to thee ;
And call on thee, that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over :
I raise the hymn to thee ;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.™

23 *He that keepeth thee will not slumber.* [D. 8s. 7a.
.Ps. cxxi. 3.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he, who never weary
Watchest where thy people be.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.
- 3 Father, to thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign ;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as thine ;
Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.™

EVENING PRAYER.

24 *He shall give his angels charge over thee.* [8s.
Ps. xci. 11.

- 1 WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And still with the night's falling dews
Demand the refreshment of sleep;
- 2 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 3 Beneficent Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.
- 4 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 5 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep.
- 6 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
- 7 I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love, and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

25 *The Lord is my light and my salvation.* [Six 8s.
Ps. xxvii. 1.

- 1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

EVENING PRAYER.

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run ;
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.
- 3 Forgive us, Lord ; yea, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day, &c.
- 4 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toil'd,
And care is light, for thou hast cared :
Let not our works with self be soil'd
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.
- 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call ;
O let thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day, &c.
- 6 Sweet Saviour, bless us ; night is come ;
Thy holy Presence with us be.
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.^a

26

I will keep it night and day.
Isa. xxvii. 3.

[8s. 4s.

- 1 God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night :
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

EVENING PRAYER.

- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
And when we die,
May we, in thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With thee on high.*

27

The Lord is thy keeper.
Ps. cxxi. 5.

[8s. 7s. 7s.

- 1 THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesu, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes ;
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
In thine arms may we repose ;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.°

28

*I am the Almighty God, walk before
me.—Gen. xvii. 1.*

[C.M.

- 1 LORD, in the day thou art about
The paths wherein I tread ;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.
- 2 While others in God's prisons lie
Bound with affliction's chain,
I walk at large, secure and free
From sickness and from pain.
- 3 'Tis thou dost crown my hopes and plans
With good success each day ;
This crown, together with myself,
At thy blest feet I lay.

EVENING PRAYER.

4 O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing,
Hosanna to thy Majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.*

29 *Now is our salvation nearer than when* [P.M.
we believed.—Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.
- 2 Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea,
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
To be cross'd ere we reach the light.
- 5 Jesu, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith:
Let me feel thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death;
- 6 Feel thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

30 *The everlasting God fainteth not, neither is* [C.M.
weary.—Isa. xl. 28.

- 1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light:

EVENING PRAYER.

- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is fill'd with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power, which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand, which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.^c

31

So he giveth his beloved sleep.

[TEN 78.]

Ps. cxxvii. 2.

- 1 FATHER, by thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour :
Light has vanish'd, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace ;
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our couch from ill,
Grant thy children sweet repose :
We to thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be thine.
- 2 Saviour, to thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer :
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray ;
Wordly thoughts and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to thy cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried
Meet thy spirit-piercing view ;
Blessèd Saviour, yet through thee
Pray that we may pardon'd be.

EVENING PRAYER.

- 3 Holy Spirit, breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with thee will vigils keep.
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Softens, strengthen, comfort still.
- 4 Blessèd Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
Thou, O God, most present art.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head;
Lét thy angels' guardian host
Keep all evil from our bed;
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.¹

32 *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose [10a.
mind is stayed on thee.—Isa xxvi. 3.*

- 1 PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

The Creeds at Morning Prayer.

“THE CATHOLIC FAITH IS THIS: THAT WE WORSHIP
ONE GOD IN TRINITY, AND TRINITY IN UNITY.”

33 *They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, [P.M.
holy, holy.—Rev. iv. 8.]*

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,
Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity.

34 *One cried unto another, and said, Holy, [D. 8s. 7s.
holy, holy.—Isa. vi. 3.]*

- 1 BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.
Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Fill'd his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:—
- 2 “Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;

THE LITANY.

Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."
Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry—
"Holy, holy, holy,"—singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."

- 3 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt thy angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy,"—blessing
"Thee, the Lord of hosts most high."

The Litany.

"LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US."

- 35 *In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.*—Heb. ii. 18. [D. 7a.]

- 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O by all thy pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

THE LITANY.

- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treachery lurk'd within thy fold :
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 5 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God :
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.¹

36 *Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me. [7s.*
Mark x. 47.

- 1 WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
"Jesu, Son of David," hear.
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
"Jesu, Son of David," hear.
- 3 Thou hast bow'd the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;

THE LITANY.

Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;
"Jesu, Son of David," hear.

4 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
"Jesu, Son of David," hear.

5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear:
"Jesu, Son of David," hear.

6 Thou hast pass'd through death's dark shade;
Thou hast full atonement made;
Thou to God's right hand art near:
"Jesu, Son of David," hear.ⁱ

37 *Hide not thine ear at my breathing, at
 my cry.—Lam. iii. 56.* [7s. 5.]

- 1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesu, hear and save.
- 2 Who, when sin's primeval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb,
Jesu, hear and save.
- 3 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesu, hear and save.
- 4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesu, hear and save.
- 5 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesu, hear and save.'

Prayers upon several Occasions.

“FAVOURABLY WITH MERCY HEAR OUR PRAYERS.”

IN TIME OF DEARTH, OR WAR, OR PLAGUE.

38 *O Lord, correct me, but with judgment.—Jer. x. 24.* [D.C.M.]

- 1 GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer, while
at thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry, to thee for mercy
call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is thine, O turn us
not away,
But hear us from thy lofty throne, and help us
when we pray.
- 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no
less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age thy goodness
hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our
country round,
To thee we look'd, to thee we cried, and help in
thee was found.
- 3 With one consent we meekly bow beneath thy
chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with
our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we
lift our prayer,
Correct us with thy judgments, Lord, then let
thy mercy spare.^d

39 *Peace shall be upon Israel.* [P.M.]
Ps. cxxv. 5.

- 1 GOD the all-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds thy clarions, the lightnings thy
sword;
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

PRAYERS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

- 2 God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the hour of danger:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 3 God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted thy word:
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 4 So shall thy children, in thankful devotion,
Laud him who saved them from peril abhorr'd,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

40

Persecuted, but not forsaken
2 Cor. iv. 9.

[P.M.]

- 1 O THOU that dwell'st in the heavens high,
Above yon stars, and within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, or the moon by night.
- 2 Though flaming millions around thee stand,
For the sake of him at thy right hand,
O think on those that have cost him dear,
Now lingering in sadness and darkness here.
- 3 Our night is dreary, and dim is our day,
And if thou shalt turn thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
With none to look to, and none to trust.
- 4 The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They know no Saviour, they fear no God;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,
O turn not thou thy face away.
- 5 Thine aid, O Mighty One, we crave:
Not shorten'd is thine arm to save.
Let not thine anger ever burn;
Return, O Lord of hosts, return.

PRAYERS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

41 *O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord,* [8s. 7a.
 hearken and do.—Dan. ix. 19.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
 From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications,
 Now for their deliverance rise.
- 2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at thy feet we bend;
 Hear us fasting, praying, mourning;
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression;
 Let that blood our guilt efface;
 Save thy people from oppression;
 Save from spoil thy holy place.^m

IN THE EMBER WEEKS.

42 *God be merciful unto us, and bless* [D.L.M.
 us.—Ps. lxxvii. 1.

- 1 LORD, cause thy face on us to shine;
 Give us thy peace, and seal us thine:
 Teach us to prize the means of grace,
 And love thy earthly dwelling-place;
 May we in truth our sins confess,
 Worship the Lord in holiness,
 And all thy power and glory see,
 Within thy hallow'd sanctuary.
- 2 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
 Who minister in holy things:
 Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless:
 Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
 Let many in the judgment day,
 Turn'd from the error of their way,
 Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;
 Save those who preach and those who hear.

PRAYERS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
Bid strife among thy subjects cease :
One is our faith, and one our Lord :
One body, Spirit, hope, reward ;
One God and Father of us all,
On whom thy church and people call.
O may we one communion be,
One with each other, one in thee.

FOR THE HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT.

- 43** *Cause thy face to shine and we shall* [L.M.
 be saved.—Ps. lxxx. 3.

- 1 THOU Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark ;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have thee.
- 2 The rulers of this Christian land,
"Twixt thee and us ordain'd to stand,
Guide thou their course, O Lord, aright ;
Let all do all as in thy sight.
- 3 O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear thou in heaven thy children's cry,
And in our hour of need be nigh. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR ALL CONDITIONS OF MEN.

- 44** *I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh.* [L.M.
 Acts ii. 17.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in thy path ;

THANKSGIVINGS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.^b

Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

45 *Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye* [L.M.
lands.—Ps. c. 1.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.^b

46 *This God is our God for ever and ever.* [P.M.
Ps. xlviii. 14.

- 1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,

THANKSGIVINGS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

- Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day,
- 2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

FOR PLENTY.

47

I will joy in the God of my salvation.
Hab. iii. 18.

[72.]

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field ;
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's exalted juice ;
For the generous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

THANKSGIVINGS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

- 4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :
- 5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;
- 8 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.¹

48 *Who giveth food to all flesh ; for his mercy endureth for ever.—Ps. cxxxvi. 25.* [7s.]

- 1 PRAISE, O praise our God and King ;
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :
- 3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;

THANKSGIVINGS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise him for our harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the garner-floor ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King ;
Glory let creation sing ;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

49 *They joy before thee according to the joy [8s. 4s.
in harvest.—Isa. ix. 3.*

1 LORD of the harvest, thee we hail ;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crown'd ;
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day ;

O let our hearts in tune be found.

2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth ;
If summer warms the fruitful earth ;
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripen'd grain,
Still do we sing
To thee, our King ;

Through all their changes thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly, when thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear ;

THANKSGIVINGS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we thy common bounties share.

- 4 Lord of the harvest, all is thine :
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound :
New every year
Thy gifts appear ;
New praises from our lips shall sound.^s

50 *While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest shall not cease.—Gen. viii. 22.* [C.M.]

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence was thine,
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A yellow harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow ;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.
- 6 Fountain of love, our praise is thine ;
To thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.^e

THANKSGIVINGS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

51 *He shall come again with rejoicing,
 bringing his sheaves with him.* [D. 7s.
 Ps. cxxvi. 6.

- 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home :
 All is safely gather'd in,
 Ere the winter storms begin ;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home.
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take his harvest home :
 From his field shall in that day
 All offences purge away ;
 Give his angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In his garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
 To thy final Harvest-home :
 Gather thou thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There for ever purified,
 In thy presence to abide :
 Come, with all thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home.³

THANKSGIVINGS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

FOR DELIVERANCE.

52

Let the people praise thee, O God. [D. 8s. 7s.
Ps. lxvii. 3.

- 1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God:
Now with joy we come before thee,
Seek thy face—thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard thy church, and guide our Queen.
- 2 Health, and every needful blessing,
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne:
Young and old do now before thee
Their united tribute bring;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Shield our isle, and save our Queen.
- 3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favour'd nation
May those mercies ever last:
Britons, then, shall still before thee
Songs of ceaseless praises sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless thy people, bless our Queen.*

53 *Praise ye the name of the Lord; praise him,* [P.M.
O ye servants of the Lord.—Ps. cxxxv. 1.

- 1 REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his Name;
For he is God alone,
Who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him.

ADVENT.

- 2 When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
O praise our God alway;
Let all his saints adore him.
- 3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his Name;
For he is God alone,
Who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him. Amen.

Advent.

“WHO FOR US MEN AND FOR OUR SALVATION CAME
DOWN FROM HEAVEN.”

“HE SHALL COME AGAIN WITH GLORY TO JUDGE
BOTH THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.”

54 *He hath visited and redeemed his people.* [C.M.
Luke i. 68.

- 1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

ADVENT.

4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure :
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.*

55 *The Lord reigneth.*—Ps. xcvii. 1. [C.M.]

1 Joy to the world ! The Lord is come :
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth ! The Saviour reigns :
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.*

56 *The Redeemer shall come to Zion.* [Six 8s.
Isa. lix. 20.]

1 DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear :
Rejoice, rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

2 Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh
To free us from the enemy ;
From hell's infernal pit to save,
And give us victory o'er the grave :
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

ADVENT.

3 Draw nigh, thou Dayspring, who shalt cheer
And comfort by thine Advent here,
And banish far the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom :

Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate will ope to thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery :

Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who to thy tribes from Sina's height
In ancient time didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe :
Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.^s

57 *Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.—Luke xii. 35.* [S.M.]

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch ; 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.^o

ADVENT.

58 *Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.* [P.M.]
Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake :
Jesus himself is nigh ;
Wake, brethren, wake.
Sleep is for sons of night ;
Ye are children of the light ;
Yours is the glory bright ;
Wake, brethren, wake.
- 2 Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch ;
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch.
Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate,
E'en though he tarry late ;
Watch, brethren, watch.
- 3 Heed we the Steward's call,
Work, brethren, work :
There's room enough for all :
Work, brethren, work.
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford ;
He will your work reward ;
Work, brethren, work.
- 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray :
Would ye his heart rejoice,
Pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for ceaseless fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near.
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.
- 5 Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise :
'Thrice holy is the Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise.

ADVENT.

What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs?
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise.

59

Take ye heed ; watch and pray.

[D.S.M.]

Mark xiii. 33.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear ;
 Our waken'd souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 The immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To chasten earthly joys,
 To quicken holy fears,
 For ever let the archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears ;
 The solemn midnight cry,—
 Ye dead, the Judge is come :
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 And hear your instant doom.
- 4 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord :
 O may we thus ensure
 Our lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.†

ADVENT.

60

In thy light shall we see light.

[SIX 88.

Ps. xxxvi. 9.

- 1 O quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though thine Advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of thee.
O quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.
- 2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
O quickly come; for thou alone
Canst make thy scatter'd people one.
- 3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.
- 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
O quickly come; for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.⁶

61

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Rev. xxii. 20.

[D.S.M. with
refrain.

- 1 THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

ADVENT.

- 2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died ;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn ;
We laid them but to slumber there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesu, come.
- 3 The serpent's brood increase ;
The powers of hell grow bold :
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood ?
Come then, Lord Jesu, come.
- 4 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain ;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come then, Lord Jesu, come.'

62

He cometh to judge the earth.

[L.M.]

Ps. xcvi. 13.

- 1 THE Lord will come : the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake ;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come : but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

ADVENT.

- 3 The Lord will come : a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway :
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride ?
O God ! is this the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come.*

63 *They shall perish, but thou shalt endure.* [L.M.
Ps. cii. 26.

- 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 O ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.*

64 *Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every* [8s. 7s. 4.
eye shall see him.—Rev. i. 7.

- 1 Lo, he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,

ADVENT.

Pierced, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Those dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
O come quickly,
Everlasting God come down.°

65 *All that are in the graves shall hear his [8s. 7s. 4s.] voice, and shall come forth.—John v. 28.*

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long for his appearing
Then shall say, This God is mine:
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;

ADVENT.

All the powers of nature shaken,
From his face prepare to flee ;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved, and served the Lord below ;
He will say, Come near, ye blessèd,
See the kingdom I bestow :
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.*

66 *The time of the dead is come, that they should [P.M.
be judged.—Rev. xi. 18.*

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear :
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before :
Prepare, my' soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear :
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.

ADVENT.

Low at his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.'

67 *Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but [P.M.
also heaven.—Heb. xii. 26.*

1 THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth his voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder:
Beneath his feet was pitchy night,
And at his left hand and his right
The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven his languid eye
In nature's hour of danger;
For us he bore the weight of woe,
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim his right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
And Hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.'

68 *The Lord grant him that he may find mercy [P.M.
of the Lord in that day.—2 Tim. i. 18.*

1 DAY of wrath, O day of mourning!
See the Crucified returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!
O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!
Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

ADVENT.

- 2 Death is struck, and nature quaking :
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
Lo, the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded :
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 3 What shall I, frail man, be pleading ;
Who for me be interceding ;
When the just are mercy needing ?
King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.
Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused thy wondrous incarnation :
Leave me not to reprobation.
- 4 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me ;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?
Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning :
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning.
- 5 Thou the sinful woman savedst ;
Thou the dying thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.
With thy favour'd sheep, O place me ;
Nor among the goats abase me ;
But to thy right hand upraise me.
- 6 Low I kneel with heart submission ;
See, like ashes, my contrition :
Save, O save me from perdition.

ADVENT.

Ah, that day of tears and mourning
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.
Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant us thine eternal rest. Amen.

69 *The mighty God, even the Lord hath* [9s. 8s.
spoken.—Ps. l. 1.

- 1 THE mighty God, the Lord hath spoken,
And bids the trembling earth draw nigh:
The silence of long ages broken,
He speaks in thunder from the sky.
- 2 Forth from the heavenly Zion shining,
In perfect beauty he appears:
Love, wisdom, majesty combining,
Bright are the diadems he wears.
- 3 A fiery stream devours before him,
And cloud and tempest veil his form:
The countless hosts of heaven adore him,
Amidst the darkness and the storm.
- 4 He speaks, and all the nations tremble;
Heaven, earth, and hell his voice obey:
In solemn awe his saints assemble,
The world's dim shadows flee away.
- 5 O who can stand, when thou appearest
In robes of majesty divine?
Though now each contrite sigh thou hearest,
What terrors then will round thee shine!
- 6 O mighty God, O Lord most holy,
Prepare us for that solemn day:
O shield and guard us, save us wholly,
Thy pardoning grace to us display.
- 70** *At midnight there was a cry made, Behold,* [7s. 6s.
the Bridegroom cometh.—Matt. xxv. 6.
- 1 REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing
And darker night is near.

ADVENT.

The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will he draw nigh :
Up, pray and watch and wrestle :
At midnight comes the cry.

- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil ;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near :
Go meet him, as he cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.

- 3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand :
Up, up! ye heirs of glory ;
The Bridegroom is at hand.

- 4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesu, now appear :
Arise, thou Sun, so long'd for,
O'er this benighted sphere :
With hearts and hands uplifted
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
That brings us unto thee.*

71 *I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.*—John xvi. 22. [P.M.]

- 1 THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In thy beauty all-resplendent,
In thy glory all-transcendent ;
Well may we rejoice and sing ;
Coming :—in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells ;

ADVENT.

Coming :—O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not thy golden bells ?

2 Thou art coming, thou art coming ;
We shall meet thee on thy way,
We shall see thee, we shall know thee,
We shall bless thee, we shall show thee
All our hearts could never say ;
What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to thee
At thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming ; at thy table
We are witnesses for this ;
While remembering hearts thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not thy death alone,
And thy love exceeding great,
But thy coming, and thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 O the joy to see thee reigning,
Thee my own belovèd Lord ;
Every tongue thy name confessing ;
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Brought to thee with one accord,
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and own'd.

72 *The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and [P.M.
our gathering together unto Him.—2 Thess. ii. 1.*

1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransom'd saints
Throng up the steeps of light :
'Tis finish'd, all is finish'd,
Their fight with death and sin ;

CHRISTMAS.

- Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!
- 3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting sever'd friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Thou eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Christmas.

“WHEN THOU TOOKEST UPON THEE TO DELIVER MAN
THOU DIDST NOT ABHOR THE VIRGIN'S WOMB.”

73 *Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which [C.M.]
is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.*

- 1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 “Fear not,” said he; (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);

CHRISTMAS.

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song.

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease." *

74 *God was manifest in the flesh.*—1 Tim. iii. 16. [P.M.]

1 Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

2 He is here, whom seers of old time
Chanted of while ages ran;
Whom the faithful word of prophets
Promised since the world began;
Long foretold, at length appearing,
Praise him every child of man,
Evermore and evermore.

3 Blessèd was the day for ever,
When by God the Spirit's grace
From the womb of Virgin mother
Came the Saviour of our race,

CHRISTMAS.

When the Child, the world's Redeemer,
First display'd his sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

4 Praise him, O ye heaven of heavens;
Praise him, angels in the height;
All dominions bow before him,
And exalt his wondrous might;
Let no tongue of man be silent;
Let each voice and heart unite,
Evermore and evermore.

5 Thee let old men, thee let young men
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

6 Christ, to thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore. Amen.

75 *The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.—John i. 14.* [C.M.]

1 O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below,
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe.

2 Incarnate Word, by every grief,
By each temptation tried;
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us, died.

3 If gaily clothed and proudly fed
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger-bed
And lowly cottage cell.

CHRISTMAS.

- 4 If press'd by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine ;
O may the Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was thine.
- 5 Through this world's fickle various scene,
From sin preserve us free :
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with thee."

76 *Behold, I bring you good tidings of great [Six 10s.
joy.—Luke ii. 10.*

- 1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth :
This day hath God fulfill'd his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang ;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherds
ran,
To see the Wonder God had wrought for man :
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid ;
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of his infant fame.
- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy ;

CHRISTMAS.

Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross ;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

- 6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing redeem'd a glad triumphal song ;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display ;
Saved by his love incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

77 *Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.* [P.M.
 Luke ii. 15.

- 1 O COME, all ye faithful,
 Joyful and triumphant
 O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;
 Come and behold him
 Born, the King of angels ;
 O come, let us adore him,
 O come, let us adore him,
 O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.
- 2 God of God,
 Light of Light,
 Lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
 Very God,
 Begotten, not created ;
 O come, let us adore him, &c.
- 3 Sing, choirs of angels,
 Sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
 Glory to God
 In the highest ;
 O come, let us adore him, &c.
- 4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
 Born this happy morning ;
 Jesu, to thee be glory given ;
 Word of the Father,
 Now in flesh appearing ;

CHRISTMAS.

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.
Amen.

78

*Unto us a Child is born : unto us a
Son is given.*—Isa. ix. 6. [D. 7s.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say,
Christ the Lord is born to-day.
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
- 3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness;
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;
Stamp thy image in its place;
O to all thyself impart,
Form'd in each believing heart.¹

CHRISTMAS.

79 *They shall call his Name Emmanuel.* [8s. 6s. 4.
Matt. i. 23.

- 1 Joy fills our inmost heart to-day :
 'The royal Child is born :
And angel hosts in glad array
 His Advent keep this morn.
 Rejoice, rejoice ! The incarnate Word
 Has come on earth to dwell ;
 No sweeter sound than this is heard—
 Emmanuel.
- 2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
 We wonder and adore ;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
 No joy was sweet before.
 Rejoice, rejoice ! &c.
- 3 For us the world must lose its charms
 Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in thy mother's arms,
 We see thee, Babe divine.
 Rejoice, rejoice ! &c.
- 4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
 Shine on us, Holy Child ;
That we may keep thy birthday bright,
 With service undefiled.
 Rejoice, rejoice ! The incarnate Word
 Has come on earth to dwell ;
 No sweeter sound than this is heard—
 Emmanuel.

80 *We are come to worship him.* [8s. 7s. 4.
Matt. ii. 2.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er their flocks by night ;

CHRISTMAS.

God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations ;
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.*

81 *The Word was God : the Word was made* [8s. 7s.
flesh.—John i. 1. 14.

- 1 Who is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable shelter'd,
Coldly in a manger laid ?
- 2 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod ;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.
- 3 Who is this, a Man of sorrows
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway ?
- 4 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now prepares the many mansions,
Where no tear can dim the eye.
- 5 Who is this—behold him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground ?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound ?

CHRISTMAS.

- 6 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On his Church now poureth down ;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All his foes beneath his throne.
- 7 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
On the cross with sinners number'd,
Pierced by nails and crown'd with thorns ?
- 8 'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.^m

Sunday after Christmas : Close of the Year.

"THE LIVING, THE LIVING, HE SHALL PRAISE THEE, AS
I DO THIS DAY."

82 *A little while and ye shall see me.* [D.S.M.
John xvi. 16.

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

- Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day ;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 6 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who ~~lives~~
That we with him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.⁴

83 *Thou art the same, and thy years shall* [7c. 6s,
have no end.—Ps. cii. 27.

- 1 O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene .
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.
- 3 O thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast bless'd.
- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see thee face to face :
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore.*

84

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.
1 Sam. vii. 12.

[79.

- 1 For thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay :
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ;
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying head.

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 5 So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.¹

85 *So teach us to number our days that we* [P.M.]
 may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Ps. xc. 12.

- 1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead:
Oh, how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!
- 2 Jesu, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.
- 3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.
- 4 Life passeth soon:
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till thou appear;
With thee to live,
With thee to die,
With thee to reign through eternity.
- 5 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour so it flies;
For the bygone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—
- 6 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till thy holy rest we win.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST : NEW YEAR.

7 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on thy right hand.

8 Life passeth soon :
Death draweth near :
Keep us, good Lord,
Till thou appear :
With thee to live,
With thee to die,
With thee to reign through eternity.

The Circumcision of Christ : New Year.

"BY THY HOLY NATIVITY AND CIRCUMCISION,
GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

86 *They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.* [S.M.
Ps. cxxvi. 5.

1 THE year begins with thee ;
And thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

2 Thine infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast
Are not enough :—the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

3 Like sacrificial wine
Pour'd on a victim's head,
Are those few precious drops of thine,
Now first to offering led.

4 Oh, are we born to tears,
Cradled in care and woe ;
And seems it hard our vernal years
Few vernal joys can show ?

5 Look here and hold thy peace :
The Giver of all good
Even from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST: NEW YEAR.

- 6 If thou wouldst reap in love,
First sow in holy fear:
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.*

87 *Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. i. 21.* [7c.]

- 1 CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make:
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands he hath freed.
- 2 Yes: none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.
- 3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which he so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren, say,
Shall we madly cast away?
- 4 Rather gladly for that name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for him to die
Is not death but victory.
- 5 Jesu, who dost condescend
To be call'd the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to thee we pray,
Glorying in thy name to-day.¹

88 *My times are in thy hand.* [S.X.]
Ps. xxxi. 15.

- 1 My times are in thy hand,
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.
- 2 My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.
- 3 My times are in thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear?

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST : NEW YEAR.

A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

- 4 My times are in thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 My times are in thy hand;
I'll always trust in thee,
And after death at thy right hand
I shall for ever be.*

89

Then shall the Lord be my God.
Gen. xxviii, 21.

[C.M.]

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.*

90

*Thy people shall be willing in the day
of thy power.—Ps. cx. 3.*

[C.M.]

- 1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;

THE EPIPHANY.

- Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year, we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.
- 5 And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room."

The Epiphany.

"THE GENTILES SHALL COME TO THY LIGHT, AND
KINGS TO THE BRIGHTNESS OF THY RISING."

91 *The star which they saw in the east went* [C.M.
before them.—Matt. ii. 9.

- 1 O THOU who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;
- 2 Although by stars thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.
- 3 As yet we know thee but in part;
But still we trust thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

THE EPIPHANY.

- 4 O Saviour, give us then thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see thee face to face
Hereafter as thou art.^c

92

We have seen his star in the east.

Matt. ii. 2.

[7s.]

- 1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star ;
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear :
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes :
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 5 Sing, ye morning stars, again,
God descends on earth to reign,
Deigns for man his life to employ ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.¹

93

I am the bright and morning star.

Rev. xxii. 16.

[SIX 7s.]

- 1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,

THE EPIPHANY.

There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offer'd gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.^k

94 *Until the day dawn, and the day-star arise [P.M.
in your hearts.—2 Pet. i. 19.*

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

THE EPIPHANY.

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

95 *A light to lighten the Gentiles.* [D. 8s. 7a.
Luke ii. 32.]

- 1 HAIL! thou source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind,
Gentiles now, thy grace possessing,
In thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before thee,
In thy church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold thy glory,
Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.
- 2 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach thy sacred throne;
In thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeem'd, made one.
Now reveal'd to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine!
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.
- 3 Hail! thou all-inviting Saviour;
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In thy temples seek thy favour,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise."

96 *The Desire of all nations shall come.* [8s. 7a.
Hag. ii. 7.]

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever ;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone :
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne."

Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.

"WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE TO MAKE KNOWN THY
SAVING HEALTH UNTO ALL NATIONS."

97 *How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet [S.M.
of him that bringeth good tidings.
Isa. lii. 7.*

1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.*

98 *God be merciful unto us, that thy way may be known upon earth.—Ps. lxxvii. 1, 2.* [S.M.]

- 1 To bless thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.*

99 *Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord.—Isa. li. 9.* [L.M.]

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone;
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home ;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name ;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.*

100 *Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty.*—Ps. xlv. 3. [11s.]

1 HARK ! the swelling breezes, rising from afar,
Bring the sounds of conflict from the holy war.
God is with our armies, he the word has given,
He is watching o'er you, messengers of heaven.

2 Go, thou mighty Gospel, conquering on thy way ;
Night upon the mountains changes into day ;
Idols bow before thee, heathen temples fall ;
Soon the world shall own thee victor over all.

3 O thou blessèd Saviour reigning now on high,
May thy faithful soldiers find thee ever nigh.
Bid the glorious mission speed from sea to sea,
Till the whole creation worship only thee.

101 *The armies which were in heaven followed him.*—Rev. xix. 14. [C.M.]

1 LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass ;
Ye bars of iron yield :
And let the King of glory pass ;
The cross is in the field.

2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

3 A holy war those servants wage ;
In that mysterious strife
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

- 4 Ye armies of the living God,
Ye warriors of Christ's host,
Where hallow'd footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.
- 5 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands :
All must be his at length.
- 6 Those spoils at his victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves as trophies meet
In his great judgment day.
- 7 'Then fear not, faint not, halt not now,
In Jesus' name be strong !
To him shall every creature bow,
And sing the triumph-song :—
- 8 Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield ;
Behold the King of glory pass ;
The cross hath won the field.*

102 *Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord.* [C.M.
Isa. ii. 3.

- 1 BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore :
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

6 Come then, O come, from every land
To worship at his shrine ;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.^c

103 *The Lord shall be King over all the earth.* [8s. 7s.
Zech. xiv. 9.

1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious ;
All the earth shall own his sway ;
He will make his kingdom glorious ;
He will reign through endless day.

2 Nations, now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light ;
Night to day shall then be changèd.
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

3 Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on him whom once they piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

4 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain ;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign.^m

104 *Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem.* [8s. 7s. 4s.
Isa. xl. 2.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands :
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful ?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning ;
Zion still is well-beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour bless'd.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.°

105

God is able to graff them in again.
Rom. xi. 23.

[L.M.]

- 1 O WHY should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around ;
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground ?
- 2 O God of Israel, view their race ;
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to see thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised king.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
The sever'd olive-branch again
To its own parent stock unite.
- 4 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.ᵇ

106 *He shall have dominion from sea to sea.* [L.X.
Ps. lxxii. 8.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again ;
And earth repeat the loud Amen.^a

107 *To preach the acceptable year of the* [8s. 7s. 4.
Lord.— Luke iv. 19.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessèd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary :
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night :
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease :
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase :
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlighten'd world around.°

108 *Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.* [S.M.
Isa. xxxii. 20.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
- 5 Hence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest-home.°

109 *Always abounding in the work of the Lord.* [L.M.
1 Cor. xv. 58.

- 1 Go, labour on ; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

- 2 Go, labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises ;—what are men ?
- 3 Go, labour on ; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.
- 4 Go, labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 6 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, Behold I come.^b

110 *Look on the fields, for they are white* [D. 8s. 7s.
 already to harvest.—John iv. 35.

- 1 LORD, her watch thy Church is keeping ;
When shall earth thy rule obey ?
When shall end the night of weeping,
When shall break the promised day ?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil ;
Was it vain—thy Son's deep anguish ?
Shall the strong retain the spoil ?

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

- 2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word.
Give the word; in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 3 Then the end: thy Church completed,
All thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banish'd sin:
Gone for ever, parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—
Lo! her watch thy Church is keeping,
Come, Lord Jesu, come to reign."

111 *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the* [8s. 7s. 4
end of the world.—Matt. xxviii. 20.

- 1 SPEED thy servants, Saviour, speed them:
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be thou with them,
'Tis thine arm alone that saves.
- 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at thy command;
As their stay thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O, be with them:
Lead them safely by the hand.
- 3 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.
- 4 In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in thee:

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

When success attends their mission,
Let thy servants humble be :
Never leave them,

Till thy face in heaven they see ;

- 5 There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown ;
There to be with him, who never
Ceases to preserve his own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone.*

112

Come over and help us.

[7s. 6s.

Acts xvi. 9.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll ;

Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.*

113

Daily shall he be praised.

[7s. 6s.]

Ps. lxxii. 15.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before him on the mountains
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Arabia's desert-ranger
 To him shall bow the knee :
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see .
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at his feet.
- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :
 The mountain dew shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

Whose fruit shall spread, and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

- 5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-bless'd.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of love.*

114 *Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound.—Lev. xxv. 9.* [7s. 6s

- 1 O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise ;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is fill'd with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free ;
The Gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.
- 2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close :
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token :
Our Leader all controls ;
Our trophies, fetters broken ;
Our captives, ransom'd souls.
- 3 Not unto us—Lord Jesus,
To thee all praise be due ;
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us—in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before thee
Exultingly again.
- 4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore :

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

Praise, glory, adoration
Be thine for evermore.
Still on in conflict pressing
On thee thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.*

115 *The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.* [D. 7a
 Rev. xix. 6.

- 1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
 Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away.
Then the end: beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.¹

116 *Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord, for he cometh.—Ps. xcvi. 8, 9.* [6s. 8s.

- 1 HILLS of the North, rejoice,
 River and mountain spring,
Hark to the advent voice,
 Valley and lowland, sing:

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

Though absent long, your Lord is nigh ;
He judgment brings and victory.

- 2 Isles of the Southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lull'd be your restless waves :
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And make your wastes his great highway.

- 3 Lands of the East, awake,
Soon shall your sons be free ;
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and gray,
Has dawn'd the everlasting day.

- 4 Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song :
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

- 5 Shout while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth ;
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South.
City of God, the bond are free :
We come to live and reign in thee."

117 *Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may [6s. 4s.
have free course.—2 Thes. iii. 1.*

- 1 LORD of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on thy Word :
O let the Gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found ;
God speed his Word.

- 2 Hail, blessèd Jubilee :
Thine, Lord, the glory be ;
Hallelujah !

SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY : MISSIONS.

Thine was the mighty plan,
From thee the work began ;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God !

- 3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy Word :
One for his truth we stand,
Strong in his own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band ;
God shield his Word.
- 4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force .
God is before ;
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun ;
His purpose must be done :—
God bless his Word.*

118

God said, Let there be light, and there was light.—Gen. i. 3. [6s. 4s.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight :
Move on the water's face,

LENT: PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

- 4 Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.'

Lent : Penitential Hymns.

"CREATE AND MAKE IN US NEW AND CONTRITE
HEARTS."

- 119 *Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise* [C.M.
cast out.—John vi. 37.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.'

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

120 *I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself.—Jer. xxxi. 18.* [C.M.]

- 1 O LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate ;
- 2 A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin ;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
- 3 I need not to confess my life
To thee, who best can tell
What I have been ; and what I am,
I know thou know'st it well.
- 4 So come I to thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.
- 5 O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have :
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask
The blessing I do crave.
- 6 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask ;
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.*

121 *He healeth the broken in heart.* [C.M.]
Ps. cxlvii. 3.

- 1 WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

- 3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.
- 5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord ;
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.*

122

Thou art my rock.—Ps. lxxi. 3.

[C.M.]

- 1 O JESU, Saviour of the lost,
My rock and hiding-place ;
By storms of sin and sorrow toss'd,
I seek thy sheltering grace.
- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry ;
Pursued by foes I come ;
A sinner, save me, or I die,
An outcast, take me home.
- 3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain ;
There danger never, never harms ;
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before thy throne,
And all thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in thee.*

123

*Let us lift up our hearts with our hands
unto God in the heavens.*—Lam. iii. 41.

[C.M.]

- 1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see ;
And penitence impart ;

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

And let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.*

124

Lord, remember me.
Luke xxiii. 42.

[C.M.]

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart:
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
For good remember me.

4 If on my face for thy dear name
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

5 And O, when in the hour of death
I own thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.*

125

Come, and let us return unto the Lord.
Hosea vi. 1.

[C.M.]

1 COME let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

- Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.
- 5 As dew upon the tender herb
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:
- 6 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.*

126

My soul thirsteth for God.
Ps. xlii. 2.

[C.M.]

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

- 4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To the oppressor's scorn?
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.^c

127 *I will make mention of thy righteousness, [L.M.
even of thine only.—Ps. lxxi. 16.*

- 1 How shall a contrite spirit pray,
A broken heart its grief make known,
A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest? Through Christ alone.
- 2 Father, in him we claim our part,
For thy Son's sake accept us now,
In him well pleased thou always art,
Well pleased with us through him be thou.
- 3 O look on thine Anointed One;
Thy gift in him is all our plea;
Our righteousness,—what he hath done;
Our prayer,—his prayer for us to thee.
- 4 So while he intercedes above,
In his dear name may we believe,
And all the fulness of thy love
Into our inmost souls receive.^b

128 *The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. [L.M.
Ps. li. 17.*

- 1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 Oh may thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.*

129 *Come : for all things are now ready.* [L.M.
 Luke xiv. 17.

- 1 COME, weary souls, in Christ your Lord
To more than Paradise restored,
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace :
- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God,
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence :
- 3 The guiltless shame, the calm distress,
The unutterable tenderness,
The genuine meek humility.
The wonder, Why such love to me ?
- 4 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.*

130 *Search me, O God, and know my heart.* [L.M.
 Ps. cxxxix. 23.

- 1 O THOU to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no evil need I fear,
If thou, my Lord, my God, art near.
- 4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee :
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.*

131

Ask what I shall give thee.

[L.M.]

1 Kings iii. 5.

- 1 AND dost thou say, Ask what thou wilt?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour -
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength,
To have thy boundless love reveal'd
Its height, and depth, its breadth, and length.
- 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.^b

132

*Behold, we come unto thee ; for thou art [SIX 8s.
the Lord our God.—Jer. iii. 22.*

- 1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn :

LENT: PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

- I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love
- 2 O Jesu, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may dread thy gracious power
And never dare offend thee more.^s

133 *I will put thee in a cleft of the rock.* [Six 7s.
Exod. xxxiii. 22.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.*

134 *The blood of Jesus Christ his Son* [S.M.
cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John i. 7.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.*

135 *We wept when we remembered Zion.* [S.M.
Ps. cxxxvii. 1.

- 1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

- 2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung :
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?
- 3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee :
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.
- 4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road :
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?
- 5 God of my life, be near :
On thee my hopes I cast :
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.*

136 *For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine [6a. 4a.
iniquity, for it is great.—Ps. xxv. 11.*

- 1 No ; not despairingly
Come I to thee :
No ; not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.
- 2 Ah, mine iniquity
Crimson hath been,
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin :
Sin of not loving thee,
Sin of not trusting thee,
Infinite sin.
- 3 Lord, I confess to thee
Sadly my sin ;
All I am tell I thee,
All I have been.

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

Purge thou my sin away,
Wash thou my soul this day,
Lord make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou,
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within :
Thus shall I walk with thee
The loved unseen.
Leaning on thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

137

Without me ye can do nothing.
John xv. 5.

[7s. 6s.]

- 1 I COULD not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeem'd me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.
- 2 I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on thee.
- 3 I could not do without thee;
No other friend can read

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but thine.

- 4 I could not do without thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be pass'd;
But thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

138 *Him that cometh to me I will in no wise* [8a. 6a.
cast out.—John vi. 37.

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

- 7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come.*

139 *If any man sin, we have an advocate with [8s. 6s.
the Father.—1 John ii. 1.*

- 1 O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving lov'st them to the end ;
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast wash'd them all away ;
O say thou plead'st for me.*

140 *I flee unto thee to hide me.*
Ps. cxliii. 9.

[D. 7s.

- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :

LENT: PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.¹

141 *When he hath found it, he layeth it on his [D. S.M.
shoulders, rejoicing.—Luke xv. 5.*

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

LENT: PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child;
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.
- 3 They spoke in tender love,
 They raised my drooping head:
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
 My fainting soul they fed.
 They wash'd my filth away,
 They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,—
 The long-sought wanderer.
- 4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole.
 'Twas he that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep:
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis he that still doth keep.
- 5 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controll'd;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold.
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferr'd to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home.'

142 *If any man serve me, let him follow me; [P.M.]
 and where I am, there shall also my
 servant be.—John xii. 26.*

- 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress'd?

LENT: PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan pass'd."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

143 *I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail* [Gs. 5a
not.—Luke xxii. 32.

1 In the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from thee:
When thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm.

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

- Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
Cross-crown'd Calvary.
- 3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour thy benediction
On the sacrifice :
Then, upon thine altar
Freely offer'd up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.
- 4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying
To eternal life. Amen.

144 *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are [7s. 6s.
heavy laden.—Matt. xi. 28.*

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fulness dwells in him :
He heals all my diseases ;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my care—

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

He from them all releases ;
He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces ;
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is pour'd.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, his praises,
To learn the angels' song.*

145

He hath filled the hungry with good things.—Luke i. 53. [7s. 6s.

- 1 I NEED thee, precious Jesu,
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need thee, precious Jesu,
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need thee, precious Jesu,
I need a friend like thee,

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.

- 4 I need thee, precious Jesu,
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne;
There, with thy blood-bought children
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praises, Jesu,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.*

146

How shall I give thee up ?
Hos. xi. 8.

[D. 7a

- 1 DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not hearken to his calls :
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 2 Kindled his relentings are ;
Me he still delights to spare ;
Cries,—how shall I give thee up ?
Let the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands ;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands.
God is love, I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 3 Jesus, answer from above :
Is not all thy nature love ?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget ;—
Suffer me to kiss thy feet ?
If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

- 4 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent :
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore ;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.¹

147

Enoch walked with God.
Gen. v. 24.

[C.M

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.²

LENT : PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

148

God be merciful to me a sinner.

[7a.

Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest;
God be merciful to me.
- 2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
God be merciful to me.
- 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to thee;
Yet thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me.
- 4 From this sinful heart of mine
To thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own but thine:
God be merciful to me.
- 5 There is One beside the Throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in him, and him alone:
God be merciful to me.
- 6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for his sake
God be merciful to me.¹

149

*In whom we have redemption through
his blood, the forgiveness of sins.—
Eph. i. 7.*

[10a.

- 1 WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me
near.

LENT : CHURCH MISSIONS.

- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me
near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless theré before the Throne.
- 5 'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.
- 7 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord :
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden
crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.
- 8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love."

Lent : Church Missions.

150

O Lord, revive thy work.
Hab. iii. 2.

[S.M.]

- 1 REVIVE thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare ;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.
- 2 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death ;

LENT : CHURCH MISSIONS.

Quicken the smouldering embers now
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
O may our spirits be.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

5 Revive thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.*

151 *Whosoever will, let him take the water [8s. 7s. 4s.
of life freely.—Rev. xxii. 17.*

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able, he is willing : doubt no more.

2 Come ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you ; 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo ! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood :

LENT : CHURCH MISSIONS.

Venture on him, venture wholly ;

Let no other trust intrude :

None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,

Sing the praises of the Lamb :

While the blissful seats of heaven

Sweetly echo with his name :

Hallelujah ! sinners here may sing the same.°

152 *Why will ye die, O house of Israel ?* [D. 7°
Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

1 SINNERS, turn : why will ye die ?

God, your Maker, asks you why—

God, who did your being give,

Made you with himself to live—

He the fatal cause demands,

Asks the work of his own hands ;

Why, ye thankless creatures, why

Will you cross his love, and die ?

2 Sinners, turn : why will ye die ?

God, your Saviour, asks you why—

God, who did your souls retrieve,

Died himself that ye might live.

Will you let him die in vain,

Crucify the Lord again ?

Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why

Will you slight his grace, and die ?

3 Sinners, turn : why will ye die ?

God, the Spirit, asks you why—

He who all your lives hath striven,

Urged you to contend for heaven :

Will you not his grace receive ?

Will you still refuse to live ?

Why, ye long-sought sinners, why

Will you grieve your God, and die ?

4 Can you doubt if God is love,

If to all his yearnings move ?

Will you not his word receive ?

Will you not his oath believe ?

LENT : CHURCH MISSIONS.

See, your dying Lord appears !
Jesus weeps : believe his tears !
Mingled with his blood they cry,
“ Why will you resolve to die ? ”¹

153

Let him return unto the Lord.

[8s. 6s. 4.

Isa. lv. 7.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee :
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery :

Return, return.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
’Tis Jesus calls for thee :
The Spirit and the bride say, Come,
Oh, now for refuge flee :

Return, return.

- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
’Tis madness to delay :
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy’s day :

Return, return.

154

There shall be showers of blessing.

[8s. 7s. 3.

Ezek. xxxiv. 26.

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scatt’ring full and free :
Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father ;
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might’st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour ;
Let me love and cling to thee ;
I am longing for thy favour ;
Whilst thou’rt calling, O call me—Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit ;
Thou canst make the blind to see ;

LENT: CHURCH MISSIONS.

Witnesser of Jesus' merit,

Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—

Long been slighting, grieving thee?

Has the world my heart been keeping?

O forgive and rescue me—Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;

Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Grace of God, so strong and boundless,

Magnify it all in me—Even me.

7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,

Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;

Whilst the streams of life are springing,

Blessing others, O bless me—Even me.

155 *When I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love.* [L.M.]

Ezek. xvi. 8.

1 My God, my Father, dost thou call

Thy long-lost wandering child to thee?

And canst thou, wilt thou pardon all?

I come; I come; Lord, save thou me.

2 O Jesus, art thou passing by

With all thy goodness, grace, and power?

And dost thou hear my broken cry?

I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

3 O Holy Spirit, is it thou,

My tenderest Friend refused too long?

And art thou pleading, striving now?

I come, I come: make weakness strong.

4 Yes, Lord, I come: thy heart of love

Is moving, kindling, drawing mine.

I cast me at thy feet to prove

The bliss, the heaven of being thine.^b

156 *Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.* [7s. 6s.]

Rev. iii. 20.

1 O JESU, thou art standing

Outside the fast-closed door,

LENT : CHURCH MISSIONS.

In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er :
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear ;
O shame—thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesu, thou art knocking ;
And lo, that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marr'd.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait !
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate !

3 O Jesu, thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low,
“ I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so ? ”
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door :
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.*

157 *Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep [P.M.
which was lost.—Luke xv. 6.*

1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold ;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 “ Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for thee ? ”
But the Shepherd made answer : “ This of mine
Has wander'd away from me ;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.”

3 But none of the ransom'd ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd ;

LENT: CHURCH MISSIONS.

Nor how dark 'was the night that the Lord
pass'd through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,

There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,

"Rejoice, I have found my sheep."

And the angels echoed around the throne,

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

158 *Every man that hath heard, and hath* [3s. 7s.
learned of the Father, cometh unto me.
John vi. 45.

1 SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,
Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round his feet?

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed:
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
And oh come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.

LENT : CHURCH MISSIONS.

5 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

6 If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.^m

159 *He is able to keep that which I have com- [11a.
mitted unto him.—2 Tim. i. 12.*

1 JESUS, I will trust thee, trust thee with my soul ;
Guilty, lost, and helpless, thou canst make me
whole.

There is none in heaven or on earth like thee :
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for
me.

2 Jesus, I may trust thee, name of matchless
worth,

Spoken by the angel at thy wondrous birth ;
Written, and for ever, on thy cross of shame,
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that name.

3 Jesus, I must trust thee, pondering thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all thine earthly days :
Sinners gather'd round thee, lepers sought thy
face—

None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I can trust thee, trust thy written word,
Though thy voice of pity I have never heard.
When thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how
sweet—

Only may I hearken, sitting at thy feet.

5 Jesus, I do trust thee, trust without a doubt :
Whosoever cometh, thou wilt not cast out ;
Faithful is thy promise, precious is thy blood ;
These my soul's salvation, thou my Saviour God.

The Passion.

"BY THY CROSS AND PASSION, GOOD LORD, DELIVER
US."

PALM SUNDAY.

160

Hosanna to the Son of David.
Matt. xxi. 9.

[7s. 6s.

- 1 ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring !
- 2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
- 3 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high ;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
- 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went :
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.
- 5 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise :
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
- 6 Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.*

161 *Thy king cometh unto thee : he is just and* [L.M.
having salvation.—Zech. ix. 9.

- 1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty ;
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry :
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

THE PASSION.

- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.
 - 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.
 - 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.
 - 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain ;
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.*
- 162** *These are they which follow the Lamb,* [C.M.
 whithersoever he goeth.—Rev. xiv. 4.
- 1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessèd Saviour pass'd ;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.
 - 2 That tender heart, that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave ;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
 - 3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn ?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd his brow with thorn ?
 - 4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm
To Zion's blessèd hill.
 - 5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where Jesus had no home.

THE PASSION.

- 6 Dead to the world with him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.*

163 *Behold the Lamb of God.*—John i. 36. [C.M.]

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree;
He died the captives to restore,
His blood was shed for thee.
- 2 Look to him, till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His piercèd feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.
- 3 Look to him, till his dying love
Thy every thought control;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 Look to him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing friend;
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.*

164 *The fellowship of his sufferings.* [Six 7s. Phil. iii. 10.]

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

THE PASSION.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finish'd, hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen: he meets our eyes;—
Saviour, teach us so to rise.^k

165

He shall bear their iniquities. [D. 8s. 7s.
Isa. liii. 11.

- 1 GREAT High Priest, we see thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest:
Wondering angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus;
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?
- 2 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can our wayward souls convert;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart:
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But the sense of blood-bought pardon
Can dissolve a heart of stone.
- 3 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from thee, the sovereign good;
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchased by thy blood:
From thy fulness we receive them;
We have nothing of our own:
Freely thou delight'st to give them
To the needy who have none.ⁿ

THE PASSION.

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, 581
 That were an offering far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.^b

168 *The preaching of the cross is unto us who are saved the power of God.*—1 Cor. i. 18. [L.M.]

- 1 We sing the praise of him who died,
 Of him who died upon the cross:
 The sinner's hope let men deride:
 For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
 In shining letters, God is love:
 He bears our sins upon the tree:
 He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross—it takes our guilt away;
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe, 731
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angels' theme in heaven above.^b

169 *Abide in him.*—1 John ii. 28. [TWELVE 6s.]

- 1 Cling to the Crucified!
 His death is life to thee,
 Life for eternity.
 His pains thy pardon seal;
 His stripes thy bruises heal;
 His cross proclaims thy peace,
 Bids every sorrow cease.
 His blood is all to thee;
 It purges thee from sin,
 It sets thy spirit free,

THE PASSION.

It keeps thy conscience clean :
Cling to the Crucified !

2 Cling to the Crucified !

His is a heart of love,
Full as the hearts above :
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee :
His countenance is light
E'en in the darkest night.
That love shall ne'er depart ;
That light grow never dim :
Charge thou thy faithless heart
To find its all in him.

Cling to the Crucified ! Amen.

170 *Behold and see if there be any sorrow like [L.M]
unto my sorrow.—Lam. i. 12.*

1 O COME and mourn with me awhile ;
O come ye to the Saviour's side ;
O come, together let us mourn ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently he hangs ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3 Seven times he spake, seven words of love ;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine !
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
Betray'd, condemn'd, and scourged thy Lord ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5 Come, take thy stand beneath the cross ;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on thee, drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied :

THE PASSION.

A broken heart love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

- 7 O love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For he, our Love, is crucified.^b

171 *Look unto me, and be ye saved.* [8s. 7s.
Isa. xlv. 22.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee;
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveil'd glory see.^m

172 *I am crucified with Christ.*—Gal. ii. 20. [7s. 6s.

- 1 O SACRED Head, once wounded,
With grief and shame bow'd down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown.
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yes, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

THE PASSION.

- 2 Thy sinless soul's oppression
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.
- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring,
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.
- 4 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for thee.
- 5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me;
And to my succour flying
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.*

- 1 BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?

THE PASSION.

By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man, 'tis thou, 'tis thou !

2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he ?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
Earth that trembles at his doom,
Yonder saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere he died
To the felon at his side,
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow ;
Son of God, 'tis thou, 'tis thou !

3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is he ?
By the last and bitter cry,
By the mortal agony,
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chamber of the dead,
By the mourners, come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know thee now ;
Son of Man, 'tis thou, 'tis thou !

4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do."
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God, 'tis thou, 'tis thou !¹

THE PASSION.

174

It is finished.—John xix. 30.

[8s. 7s. 4.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finish'd,"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finish'd." O what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finish'd,"
Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,
Finish'd all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finish'd,"
Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel's name.
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! °

175

Who, when he had purged our sins, [D. 8s. 7s.
sat down on the right hand of the
Majesty on high.—Heb. i. 3.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despisèd Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean King:
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame,
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed
All our sins were on thee laid:

EASTER EVEN.

- By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood :
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesu, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive :
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.*

Easter Even.

176

Let us labour to enter into that rest. [SIX 7a.]

Heb. iv. 11.

- 1 SABBATH of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of his eternal rest ;
Resting from his work the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word.
- 2 Resting in the tomb to-day
Still the Saviour's body lay ;
Wrapt in sleep, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

EASTER.

- 3 Lord, with thee till life shall end
We would solemn vigil spend ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around,
And in patient watch remain
Till thou shalt appear again.
- 4 Still with thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the altar sleep ;
Resting from their labours past,
Waiting for the trumpet's blast ;
When, the new creation done,
Endless joys shall be begun.
- 5 Jesu, keep us safe from sin ;
With them let us enter in,
Danger past and toil at end ;
And to those blest joys ascend
There in flesh our God to see,
And adore eternally.^k

Easter.

“ BY THY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION, GOOD LORD,
DELIVER US.”

177

Thou hast led captivity captive.
Ps. lxxviii. 18.

[6s. 8s.]

- 1 THE happy morn is come ;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb ;
Omnipotent to save.
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuses them
For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done ;

EASTER.

On him our help is laid ;
By him our victory won.
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.▼

178 *Awake, psaltery and harp : I myself* [D.C.M.]
will awake early.—Ps. cviii. 2.

- 1 AWAKE, glad soul ! awake, awake !
Thy Lord hath risen long ;
Go to his grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song ;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.
- 2 The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection day ;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey :
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise ;
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.
- 3 And every bird and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim his glorious victory,
His resurrection power ;
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice
With vernal verdure spread,
The little hills lift up their voice
And shout that death is dead.
- 4 Then wake, glad heart ! awake, awake !
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in his resurrection take
And comfort in his word :
And let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
'Christ died and rose for me.'^d

EASTER.

179 *I have the keys of hell and of death.* [11s.
Rev. i. 18.

1 "WELCOME, happy morning," age to age shall
say;

Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heaven is won to-
day.

Lo, the Dead is living, God for evermore!

Him their true Creator all his works adore.

"Welcome, happy morning," age to age
shall say;

Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heaven is
won to-day.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts return'd with her returning
King;

Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrow ended, hail his triumph now.

Welcome, happy morning, etc.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening
light,

Hours and passing moments praise thee in
their flight;

Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields, and
sea,

Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to
thee.

Welcome, happy morning, etc.

4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's
fall,

Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

Welcome, happy morning, etc.

5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to
show;

Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil thy
word;

EASTER.

'Tis thine own third morning; rise, my buried Lord!

Welcome, happy morning, etc.

3 Loose the hearts long prison'd, bound with Satan's chain;

All that now is fallen raise to life again;

Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;

Bring again our daylight: day returns with thee.

“Welcome, happy morning,” age to age shall say;

Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heaven is won to-day.

180 *O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things.—Ps. xcvi. 1.* [P.M.]

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

1 THE strife is o'er, the battle done:

The victory of life is won:

The song of triumph has begun,—

Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,

But Christ their legions hath dispersed;

Let shouts of holy joy outburst,—

Alleluia!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped;

He rises glorious from the dead;

All glory to our risen Head!

Alleluia!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;

The bars from heaven's high portals fell;

Let hymns of praise his triumph tell:

Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,

From death's dread sting thy servants free,

That we may live, and sing to thee

Alleluia!

EASTER.

181 *Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the Jubilee* [6s. 8s.
to sound.—Lev. xxv. 9.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb:
 Redemption by his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye, who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Receive it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home."

182 *He is risen.*—Mark xvi. 6. [7s.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day: Hallelujah!
Sons of men, and angels, say, Hallelujah!
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Hallelujah!
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply, Hallelujah!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done; Hallelujah!
Fought the fight, the battle won > Hallelujah!
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Hallelujah!
Lo! he sets in blood no more. Hallelujah!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Hallelujah!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Hallelujah!

EASTER.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Death in vain forbids his rise ! | Hallelujah ! |
| Christ hath open'd Paradise. | Hallelujah ! |
| 4 Lives again our glorious King ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Where, O death, is now thy sting ? | Hallelujah ! |
| Once he died our souls to save ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Where thy victory, O grave ? | Hallelujah ! |
| 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led, | Hallelujah ! |
| Following our exalted Head : | Hallelujah ! |
| Made like him, like him we rise ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, | Hallelujah ! |
| 6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven, | Hallelujah ! |
| Praise to thee by both be given ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Thee we greet triumphant now, | Hallelujah ! |
| Hail the Resurrection thou ! | Hallelujah ! Amen. |

183 *He is not here ; for he is risen.* [7s.
 Matt. xxviii. 6.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| 1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, | Hallelujah ! |
| Our triumphant holy day, | Hallelujah ! |
| Who did once upon the cross, | Hallelujah ! |
| Suffer to redeem our loss ; | Hallelujah ! |
| 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, | Hallelujah ! |
| Unto Christ our heavenly King, | Hallelujah ! |
| Who endured the cross and grave, | Hallelujah ! |
| Sinners to redeem and save ; | Hallelujah ! |
| 3 But the pains, which he endured, | Hallelujah ! |
| Our salvation have procured : | Hallelujah ! |
| Now above the sky he's King, | Hallelujah ! |
| Where the angels ever sing, | Hallelujah ! |
| 4 Now be God the Father praised, | Hallelujah ! |
| With the Son from death upraised, | Hallelujah ! |
| And the Spirit ever blest ; | Hallelujah ! |
| One true God, by all confess'd ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Amen. | |

184 *Now is Christ risen from the dead.* [C.M.
 1 Cor. xv. 20.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,

EASTER.

Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

- 2 O what a night was that which wrapp'd
The heathen world in gloom ;
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death :
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
By his expiring breath.
- 4 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud Hosannas sung :
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 5 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.*

185 *I am he that liveth and was dead.* [7s. 8s. 4
Rev. i. 18.

- 1 JESUS lives : no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives : by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !
- 2 Jesus lives : henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !
- 3 Jesus lives : for us he died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia !
- 4 Jesus lives : our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever ;

EASTER.

Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!

- 5 Jesus lives : to him the throne
Over all the world is given :
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

186 *Behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail.—Matt. xxviii. 9.* [7s. 6s.]

- 1 THE day of Resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad :
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God !
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light ;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own " All hail ! " and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin ;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein ;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.*

187 *A lively hope by the resurrection.* [D. 8s. 7s.
1 Peter i. 3.]

- 1 HALLELUJAH, Hallelujah ! Hearts to heaven and
voices raise ;

EASTER.

Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a
hymn of praise!

He who on the cross a victim for the world's sal-
vation bled,

Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from
the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death
to life is born,

Glorious life, and life immortal, on this holy Easter
morn :

Christ has triumph'd, and we conquer by his
mighty enterprise,

We with him to life eternal by his resurrection
rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits of the holy
harvest-field,

Which will all its full abundance at his second
coming yield;

Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads
before him wave,

Ripen'd by his glorious sunshine, from the fur-
rows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen; we are risen; shed upon us
heavenly grace,

Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the
brightness of thy face,

That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven, here on
earth may fruitful be,

And by angel-hands be gather'd, and be ever safe
with thee.

5 Hallelujah, Hallelujah ! Glory be to God on
high;

Hallelujah to the Saviour, who has gain'd the
victory;

Hallelujah to the Spirit, Fount of love and
sanctity;

Hallelujah, Hallelujah to the Triune Majesty.
Amen.

Sundays after Easter : the Lord's Day.

"THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE :
WE WILL REJOICE AND BE GLAD IN IT."

188 *Jesus stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.—John xx. 19.* [L.M.]

- 1 COME, condescending Saviour, come,
Almighty from the vanquish'd tomb;
Here thine assembled servants bless,
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.
- 2 O come thyself, most gracious Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford;
Reveal the lustre of thy face,
And make us feel thy vital grace.
- 3 Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest;
Enter, thou ever-honour'd guest,
Not for one transient hour alone,
But there to fix thy lasting throne.
- 4 Enter, and make our hearts thy home;
And when our life's last hour is come,
Let us but die as in thy sight,
And death shall vanish in delight.*

189 *He shall be as the light of the morning, even as a morning without clouds.—2 Sam. xxiii. 4.* [S.M.]

- 1 THIS is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day ;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease ;
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : THE LORD'S DAY.

Lift up our hearts to seek thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

- 5 This is the first of days :
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.*

190 *Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord.* [P.M.
Ps. cxviii. 25.

- 1 HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing :
Hosanna, Lord : Hosanna in the highest !
- 2 Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound ;
Hosanna, Lord : Hosanna in the highest !
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer ;
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim ;
Hosanna, Lord : Hosanna in the highest !
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast.
Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy thee.
Hosanna, Lord : Hosanna in the highest !
- 5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again,
Hosanna, Lord : Hosanna in the highest !

191 *The Lord's day.—Rev. i. 10.* [7s. 6s

- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : THE LORD'S DAY.

O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise ;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls ;
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams ;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
And there our voice upraising,
To Father and to Son
And Holy Ghost, be praising
Ever the Three in One. Amen.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : THE LORD'S DAY.

192 *A day in thy courts is better than a thousand.—Ps. lxxxiv. 10.* [S.M.]

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day;
 Here we may seek and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day of prayer and praise
 His sacred courts within,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this;
 And wait to hail the brighter day
 Of everlasting bliss.*

193 *This is the day which the Lord hath made.—Ps. cxviii. 24.* [C.M.]

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son!
 Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes, in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : THE LORD'S DAY.

- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.*

194

The first day of the week.
Acts. xx. 7.

[C.M.]

- 1 BLEST day of God, how calm, how bright,
A day of joy and praise ;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
The first and best of days.
- 2 This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead ;
And, as a conqueror, his foes
In glorious triumph led.
- 3 This day believers doth enrich ;
May grace rest on them all :
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.
- 4 As the first fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
So they who do the Sabbath love
A happy week shall find.*

195

*Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through
thy work.—Ps. xcii. 4.*

[L.M.]

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : THE LORD'S DAY.

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.^a

196 *I will make them joyful in my house of prayer.—Isa. lvi. 7.* [L.M.]

1 DEAR is to me the sabbath morn ;
The village bells, the pastor's voice,
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And these have bid that heart rejoice.

2 And dear to me the wingèd hour
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord ;
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

3 And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the bless'd abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

4 O, when the world, with iron hand,
Would bind me in its six days' chain,
Thus burst, O Lord, the strong man's band,
And let my spirit loose again.^b

197 *Praise ye him, all his angels.* [S.M.]
Ps. cxlviii. 2.

1 OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all !

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : THE LORD'S DAY.

- 3 Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire :
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !
- 4 Yet, Lord, to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.*

198 *We which have believed do enter into rest.* [7a.
Heb. iv. 3.

- 1 ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee,
At thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
- 3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin ;
But thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past ;
May we rest with thee at last.
- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.¹

Sundays after Easter : Public Worship.

“DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE.”

199 *To see thy power and thy glory so as I have [L.M.
seen thee in the sanctuary.—Ps. lxxiii. 2.*

- 1 O LORD, within thy sacred gates,
Where I so oft have sought for thee,
Again my longing spirit waits,
The fulness of delight to see.
- 2 In blessing thee with thankful songs,
My happy life shall glide away :
The praise, that to thy name belongs,
Daily with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 3 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my favour'd soul o'erflows ;
Secure in thee, my God, my King,
Of glory that no period knows.
- 4 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ ;
Thy love to sing, thy grace to prove,
Be this my glory, peace, and joy.^b

200 *In all places where I record my name I [C.M.
will come unto thee, and I will bless
thee.—Exod. xx. 24.*

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith address our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.^c

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : PUBLIC WORSHIP.

201 *This is none other but the house of God, and [7s.
this is the gate of heaven.—Gen. xxviii. 17.*

- 1 To thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou through him art reconciled,
I through him became thy child;
Abba, Father, give me grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.
- 3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue:
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear; for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice by faith may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.
- 6 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walk'd with God to-day.

202 *How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord [D. 7s.
of hosts.—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.*

- 1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fulness, God of grace.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High :
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast !
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls ! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length :
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place :
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart :
Grace and glory flow from thee ;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.¹

203

Ask, and it shall be given you.
Matt. vii. 7.

[7a

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray ;
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin ;
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.¹

204 *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the [6s. 4s.
courts of the Lord.—Ps. lxxxiv. 2.*

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still:
And happy they,
That love the way
To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat;
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.
- 4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts,
Alone in thee.*

205 *There I will meet with thee ; and I will
commune with thee from above the
mercy seat.—Exod. xxv. 22.* [L.M.]

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than 'all beside more sweet ;
It is the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.*

206 *O God, thou art my God : early will
I seek thee.—Ps. lxiii. 1.* [L.M.]

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest :
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.
- 2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am thine by sacred ties ;
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love to appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.^b

207 *Where two or three are gathered together [L.M.
in my name, there am I in the midst of
them.—Matt. xviii. 20.*

- 1 JESU, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make all hearts, O Lord, thine own.^a

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : PUBLIC WORSHIP.

But oh ! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

- 6 Lord Jesu, give us grace
On earth to love thee more,
In heaven to see thy face,
And with thy saints adore.

Amen.

210

The Lord is in this place.
Gen. xxviii. 16.

[Six 8s.

- 1 Lo, God is here : let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place :
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face :
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo, God is here : him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame for thee alone ;
To thee our will, soul, flesh we give,
O take, O seal them for thine own ;
Thou art the God : thou art the Lord :
Be thou by all thy works adored.
- 4 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will ;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

211

*Kept by the power of God through faith
unto salvation.—1 Pet. i. 5.*

[C.M.

- 1 Not unto us, but thee, O Lord,
Be praise and glory given,
For every gracious thought and word,
Which brings us nearer heaven !

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Thy saints are in thy faithful hand,
Secure beneath thine eye ;
And safe, at last, they all shall stand,
Before thy throne on high.
- 3 Redeem'd from sin, and saved by grace,
Thy glory they shall see ;
And eye to eye, and face to face,
For ever dwell with thee.
- 4 O hasten, Lord, the glorious day ;
Call all thy children home ;
Teach us, with humble hope, to say,
Lord Jesu, quickly come.^c

212 *Lord, teach us to pray.*—Luke xi. 1. [C.M.]

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays."
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : PUBLIC WORSHIP.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne :
For sinners intercedes.

8 O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.^c

213

Continuing instant in prayer..

[L.M.]

Rom. xii. 12.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have we no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.*

214

The Lord will bless his people with peace. [10s.]

Ps. xxix. 11.

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise,
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait thy word of peace.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER : PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have call'd upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming
night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflicts
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.^p

215 *While he blessed them, he was parted* [8s. 7s. 4.
from them.—Luke xxiv. 51.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.^o

216 *Go in peace.—Luke vii. 50.* [8s. 7s.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.^m

The Ascension: Heaven.

"THOU SITTEST AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD IN THE
GLORY OF THE FATHER."

"MAY WE ALSO IN HEART AND MIND THITHER ASCEND."

217 *Thou hast ascended on high.*—Ps. lxxviii. 18. [7s.]

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise, | Hallelujah ! |
| Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Christ, awhile to mortals given, | Hallelujah ! |
| Re-ascends his native heaven. | Hallelujah ! |
| 2 There the glorious triumph waits ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Lift your heads, eternal gates ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Wide unfold the radiant scene, | Hallelujah ! |
| Take the King of Glory in. | Hallelujah ! |
| 3 Him though highest heaven receives, | Hallelujah ! |
| Still he loves the earth he leaves ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Though returning to his throne, | Hallelujah ! |
| Still he calls mankind his own. | Hallelujah ! |
| 4 See, he lifts his hands above ; | Hallelujah ! |
| See, he shows the prints of love ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Hark, his gracious lips bestow | Hallelujah ! |
| Blessings on his church below. | Hallelujah ! |
| 5 Still for us his death he pleads ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Prevalent, he intercedes ; | Hallelujah ! |
| Near himself prepares our place, | Hallelujah ! |
| Harbinger of human race. | Hallelujah ! |
| 6 Lord, though parted from our sight, | Hallelujah ! |
| High above yon azure height, | Hallelujah ! |
| Grant our hearts may thither rise, | Hallelujah ! |
| Following thee beyond the skies. | Hallelujah ! |

Amen.

218 *He was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight.—Acts i. 9.* [D. 7s.]

- 1 He is gone. A cloud of light
Has received him from our sight ;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angel's ken ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Pass'd into the holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.
- 2 He is gone. And we remain
In this world of sin and pain :
In the void which he has left
On this earth, of him bereft,
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue ;
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves his image show.
- 3 He is gone. We heard him say,
" Good that I should go away."
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone his present grace ;
Though himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be :
No, his Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.
- 4 He is gone. Towards the goal
World and church must onward roll :
Far behind we leave the past ;
Forward are our glances cast :
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change :
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.
- 5 He is gone. But we once more
Shall behold him as before ;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth he went and came

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

220 *Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.*—Acts vii. 56. [7s. 6s.]

- 1 O CHRIST, thou hast ascended
Triumphantly on high,
By cherub guards attended
And armies of the sky :
Let earth tell forth the story,—
Our very flesh and bone,
Emmanuel, in glory,
Ascends his Father's throne.
- 2 Heaven's gates unfold above thee :
But canst thou, Lord, forget
The little band who love thee
And gaze from Olivet ?
Nay, on thy breast engraven
Thou bearest every name,
Our Priest in earth and heaven
Eternally the same.
- 3 There, there thou standest pleading
The virtue of thy blood,
For sinners interceding,
Our Advocate with God ;
And every changeful fashion
Of our brief joys and cares
Finds thought in thy compassion
And echo in thy prayers.
- 4 Oh, for the priceless merit
Of thy redeeming cross
Vouchsafe thy sevenfold Spirit
And turn to gain our loss ;
Till we by strong endeavour
In heart and mind ascend
And dwell with thee for ever
In raptures without end.*

221 *The King of glory shall come in.*
Ps. xxiv. 9.

[L.M.]

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.^b

222 *His right hand and his holy arm hath
gotten him the victory.—Ps. xcvi. 1.* [15s.]

1 SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph, see the
King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds his chariot, to his heavenly
palace gate ;
Hark, the choirs of angel voices joyful Hallelujahs
sing,
And the portals high are lifted, to receive their
heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump
of jubilee ?
Lord of battles, God of armies, he has gain'd
the victory ;

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

- He who on the cross did suffer, he who from the
grave arose,
He has vanquish'd sin and Satan, he by death
has spoil'd his foes.
- 3 While he raised his hands in blessing, he was
parted from his friends ;
While their eager eyes behold him, he upon the
clouds ascends ;
He who walk'd with God and pleased him, preach-
ing truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to his everlasting
home.
- 4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters, with his blood,
within the veil ;
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings
before him quail :
Now he plants the tribes of Israel in their promised
resting-place ;
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of his
grace.
- 5 Thou hast raised our human nature in the clouds
to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places, there with thee
in glory stand ;
Jesus reigns adored by angels ; man with God is
on the throne ;
Mighty Lord, in thine ascension, we by faith
behold our own.

PART II.

- 1 Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed thy beams upon
our eyes ;
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see
beyond the skies,
Where the Son of man in glory standing is at
God's right hand,
Beckoning on his martyr army, succouring his
faithful band.

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

- 2 See him, who is gone before us, heavenly mansions
to prepare,
See him, who is ever pleading for us, with pre-
vailing prayer;
See him, who with sound of trumpet and with his
angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds
will come again.
- 3 Raise us up from earth to heaven, give us wings
of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms
above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with
Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory in his heavenly
citadel.
- 4 So at last, when he appeareth, we from out our
graves may spring,
With our youth renew'd like eagles, flocking
round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and may
meet him in the air,
Rise to realms where he is reigning, and may
reign for ever there.

*The following Doxology may be sung at the end of
either part.*

Glory be to God the Father : glory be to God the
Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us, who the heavenly
realm has won ;
Glory to the Holy Spirit ; to One God in Persons
Three,
Glory both in earth and heaven, glory, endless
glory be. Amen.

223 *We have a great High Priest that is passed [L.M.
into the heavens.—Heb. iv. 14.*

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears,

2 He, who for men their Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang, that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.*

224 *He that descended is the same also that [D. S. M.]
ascended up far above all heavens, that
he might fill all things.—Eph. iv. 10.*

1 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest.

2 THOU art gone up on high :
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto thy crown :

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

- 3 Thou art gone up on high :
But thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
O by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high.^f

225

And on his head were many crowns. [D.S.M.
Rev. xix. 12.

- 1 CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn :
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
True branch of Jesse's stem ;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.
- 3 Crown him the Lord of love
Behold his hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

- 4 Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise :
His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 5 Crown him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit through him given
From yonder Triune throne :
All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For thou hast died for me :
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.^f

226

His glory is great in thy salvation.

[L.M.]

Ps. xxi. 5.

- 1 O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven, to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be :
Eternal praise of right is thine.
- 2 Reign, Prince of life, who once thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn ;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God firstborn.
- 3 From angel hosts, that round thee stand
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.
- 4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise ;
All honour to thy name belongs :
Our lips would sound it to the skies.
- 5 Jesus,—all earth shall speak the word ;
Jesus,—all heaven resound it still :
Emmanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,
Thy praise the universe shall fill.^h

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

227 *Father, I will that they whom thou hast
given me be with me where I am.—* [L.M.
John xvii. 24.

- 1 Let me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.
- 2 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Thy unveil'd glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.
- 3 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore:
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.
- 4 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from thy presence and thy love.^b

228 *Thine eyes shall see the King in his
beauty.—Isa. xxxiii. 17.* [7s. 6s.

- 1 O, for the robes of whiteness;
O, for the tearless eyes;
O, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!
- 2 O, for the no more weeping
Within that land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!
- 3 O, for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet;
O, for the rest of lying
For ever at his feet!
- 4 O, for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

- 5 Jesu, thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with thee ;
I soon shall sing the story
Of thy great love to me.
- 6 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In thee, and thee alone.

229 *They confessed they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—Heb. xi. 13.* [L.M.]

- 1 As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still ;
- 2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;
No more he grieves for troubles past ;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day :
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.
- 5 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode ;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.^b

230 *That great city, the holy Jerusalem.* [C.M.]
Rev. xxi. 10.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see."

231

There shall be no night there.

[C.M.]

Rev. xxii. 5.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise :
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No clouds those blissful regions know
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

5 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our heart with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.*

232 *They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.—Heb. xi. 16.* [C.M.]

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers
Death like a narrow sea divides
That heavenly land and ours.

3 O could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes ;—

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.*

233 *In my Father's house are many mansions. [6s.]*
John xiv. 2.

1 THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side :
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above."

234 *He that overcometh shall inherit all things.* [11s.
Rev. xxi. 7.

- 1 THOSE eternal bowers man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers round the throne of God :
Who may hope to gain them after weary fight ?
Who at length attain them, clad in robes of white ?
- 2 He who wakes from slumber at the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number things unseen his choice :
He who casts his burden down at Jesus' cross,—
Christ's reproach his guerdon, all beside but loss.
- 3 He who gladly barter all on earthly ground ;
He who, like the martyrs, says "I will be
crown'd :"
He whose one oblation is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation to the blest above.

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

- 4 Shame upon you, legions of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions past imagining !
What, with pipe and tabor dream away the
light,
When he bids you labour, when he tells you,
"Fight" ?
- 5 Jesu, Lord of glory, as we breast the tide,
Whisper thou the story of the other side ;
Where the saints are casting crowns before thy
feet,
Safe for everlasting, in thyself complete. Amen.

235

I go to prepare a place for you.

[S.M.]

John xiv. 2.

- 1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free,
A mansion which eternal love
Design'd and form'd for me.
- 2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode ;
From everlasting it was plan'n'd ;
My dwelling-place with God.
- 3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure :
He pass'd through death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.
- 4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given ;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.
- 5 Bright angels guard my way,
His ministers of power,
And watching round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.
- 6 Loved ones have gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done ;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

- 7 Thy love, most gracious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be,
Till thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to thee.
- 8 And then through endless days
Where all thy glories shine ;
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me thine.*

236 *We rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.* [S.M.
Rom. v. 1, 2.

- 1 THERE is no night in heaven ;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
- 2 There is no grief in heaven ;
For life is one glad day ;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have pass'd away.
- 3 There is no sin in heaven ;
Behold that blessèd throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.
- 4 There is no death in heaven ;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
- 5 Lord Jesu, be our Guide ;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won.*

237 *And so shall we ever be with the Lord.* [D.S.M.
1 Thess. iv. 17.

- 1 FOR ever with the Lord :
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

- 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.
- 4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, For ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be.

238 *Surely his salvation is nigh them that
fear him ; that glory may dwell in
our land.—Ps. lxxxv. 9.*

[P.M.]

- 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sigh'd for,
The fair sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand.

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

- 2 There the red Rose of Sharon,
Unfolds its heartsome bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume.

O to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fann'd,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

- 3 O, Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love !
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above :
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

- 4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove ;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with his love :
I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that plann'd,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

- 5 I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Fill'd with his likeness rise
To live and to adore him,
To see him with these eyes.
My kingly King in Zion
My presence doth command,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

- 6 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face ;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace ;

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercèd hand;—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

239 *Here have we no continuing city, but we [7s. 6s.
seek one to come.—Heb. xiii. 14.*

PART I.

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion; brief sorrow,
short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending, the tearless life,
is there.
O happy retribution: short toil, eternal rest:
For mortals and for sinners a mansion with the
bless'd.
- 2 And now we fight the battle, but then shall wear
the crown
Of full and everlasting and passionless renown;
But he, whom now we trust in, shall then be
seen and known;
And they, that know and see him, shall have
him for their own.
- 3 The morning shall awaken, the shadows shall
decay,
And each true-hearted servant shall shine as
doth the day:
There God, our King and Portion, in fulness of
his grace,
Shall we behold for ever, and worship face to
face.

PART II.

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear Country, mine eyes their
vigils keep;
For very love, beholding thy happy name, they
weep.
The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness, and love, and life, and
rest.

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

- 2 O one, O only mansion, O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banish'd, and smiles have
no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour, the Crucified thy
praise;
His laud and benediction thy ransom'd people
raise.
- 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks, thy streets with
emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded with amethyst
unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric, and the Corner-
stone is Christ.
- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean; thou hast no
time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far
away.
Upon the Rock of Ages they raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the golden
dower.

PART III.

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden, with milk and honey
bless'd,
Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice
oppress'd;
I know not, O I know not, what joys await us
there;
What radiancy of glory, what bliss beyond
compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion, all jubilant
with song,
And bright with many an angel, and all the
martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is
serene;
The pastures of the blessèd are deck'd in glorious
sheen.

THE ASCENSION : HEAVEN.

3 There is the throne of David; and there from
 'caré released,
 The shout of them that triumph, the song of
 them that feast;
 And they, who with their Leader have conquer'd
 in the fight,
 For ever and for ever are clad in robes of white.

GENERAL ENDING.

O sweet and blessèd country, the home of God's elect!

O sweet and blessèd country, that eager hearts
expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest :
Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever
bless'd. Amen.

240 *And so shall we ever be with the Lord.* [P.M.
1 Thess. iv. 17.

1 "FOR ever"—beatific word:
To be for ever with the Lord:
A bond no death can sever!
O tidings straight from glory brought,
With endless Alleluias fraught;
O heaven of heavens, beyond all thought,
With Jesus and for ever!

2 For ever to behold him shine,
For evermore to call him mine,
And see him still before me;
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembled rays,
While all the Father he displays
To all the saints in glory.

3 Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here—
What must it be in heaven!
'Tis heaven on earth to hear him say,
As now I journey day by day,
“Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven.”

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 4 But how must his celestial voice
 Make my enraptured heart rejoice,
 When I in glory hear him!
 While I before the heavenly gate
 For everlasting entrance wait,
 And Jesus on his throne of state
 Invites me to come near him;
- 5 "Come in, thou blessèd, sit by me;
 With my own life I ransom'd thee;
 Come, taste my perfect favour:
 Come in, thou happy spirit, come;
 Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;
 Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
 For he must stay for ever."

Whitsuntide.

"O GOD THE HOLY GHOST, PROCEEDING FROM THE
 FATHER AND THE SON, HAVE MERCY UPON US."

241 *I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.* [L.M.
 Joel ii. 28.

- 1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
 O shed thine influence from above,
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
 Be God's surpassing glory sung:
 Let all the listening earth be taught
 The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
 Still o'er thy holy Church preside;
 Still let mankind thy blessings prove;
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love."

242 *He shall give you another Comforter,
 that he may abide with you for
 ever.—John xiv. 16.* [C.M.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day
 To thee for help we cry,

WHITSUNTIDE.

To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more:
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.

5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near.
And bless thee in our prayer.

6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.^c

243 *And suddenly there came a sound from
heaven as of a rushing mighty wind.* [C.M.
Acts ii. 2.

1 WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud ;
- 5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.
- 6 It fills the Church of God : it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.
- 7 Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.*

244 *It is expedient for you that I go away : for [TEN 8s.
if I go not away, the Comforter will not
come unto you : but if I depart, I will
send him unto you.—John xvi. 7.*

- 1 My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing thee ?
The watchful mother tarries nigh,
Though sleep have closed her infant's eye ;
For should he wake and find her gone,
She knows she could not bear his moan.
But I am weaker than a child,
And thou art more than mother dear ;
Without thee heaven were but a wild :
How shall I live without thee here ?
* * * * *
- 2 Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame
Through cloud and breeze unwavering came,
And darted to its place of rest
On some meek brow of Jesus bless'd.
Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,
And still those lambent lightnings stream ;

WHITSUNTIDE.

Where'er the Lord is, there are they ;
In every heart that gives them room
They light his altar every day,
Zeal to inflame and vice consume.

3 Soft as the plumes of Jesus' Dove
They nurse the soul to heavenly love ;
The struggling spark of good within,
Just smother'd in the strife of sin,
They quicken to a timely glow,
The pure flame spreading high and low.
Say not that prayer and hope are o'er :
Nay, blessèd Spirit ! but by thee
The church's prayer finds wings to soar,
The church's hope finds eyes to see.

4 Then, fainting soul, arise and sing,
Mount, but be sober on the wing ;
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer,
Be sober, for thou art not there.
Till death the weary spirit free,
Thy God has said, 'Tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight :
Take it on trust a little while ;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the full sunshine of his smile.

245 *As many as are led by the Spirit of God, [L.M.
they are the sons of God.—Rom. viii. 14.*

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above :
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display.
And make us know and love thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ, the living way :
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever bless'd :
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there.*

246 *The glory of the Lord filled the house* [C.M.
 of God.—2 Chr. v. 14.

- 1 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, Great Spirit, come.
- 2 Come as the light ; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe :
And lead us in those paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.
- 5 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let thy church on earth become
Bless'd as the church above.
- 6 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers ;
Make a lost world thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, Great Spirit, come.^c

247 *My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me.—Ps. cxi. 25.* [C.M.]

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls—how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever be
In this poor dying state;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.^c

248 *The Spirit of God moved on the face of* [SIX 8s.
 the waters.—Gen. i. 2.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee. Amen.

249 *They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.—Acts ii. 4.* [D.S.M.]

- 1 LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all thy power :
 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind,
 One soul, one feeling, breathe :
 The young, the old inspire
 With wisdom from above ;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.
- 3 Spirit of light, explore
 And chase our gloom away
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day ;
 Spirit of truth, be thou
 In life and death our guide ;
 O Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified.'

250 *He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.* [S.M.]
 John xiv. 17.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
 Thou heavenly Paraclete ;
 Give us to lie with humble hope
 At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us all of sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 5 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new create the whole.
- 6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then we shall know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son, and thee.^c

251 *Thou sendest forth thy Spirit ; they [THREE 7s.
 are created.—Ps. civ. 30.*

- 1 COME, thou holy Paraclete,
 And from thy celestial seat
 Send thy light and brilliancy. .
- 2 Father of the poor, draw near ;
 Giver of all gifts, be here ;
 Come, the soul's true radiancy.
- 3 Come, of comforters the best,
 Of the soul the sweetest Guest,
 Come in toil refreshingly.
- 4 Thou in labour rest most sweet,
 Thou art shadow from the heat,
 Comfort in adversity.
- 5 O thou Light, most pure and blest,
 Shine within the inmost breast
 Of thy faithful company.

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 6 Where thou art not, man hath nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from thy Divinity.
- 7 What is soiled, make thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchèd, fructify.
- 8 Cold and hard hearts quicken thou,
Stubborn necks to Jesus bow,
Draw the wanderer tenderly.
- 9 Fill thy faithful, who confide
In thy power to guard and guide,
With thy sevenfold mystery.
- 10 Here thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation to the end,
And in heaven felicity.

252

I am he that comforteth you.
Isa. li. 12.

[7s. 5.

- 1 COME to our dark nature's night
With thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.
- 2 We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord:
Sick and faint; thy strength afford:
Lost, until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine.
- 3 Orphan are our souls and poor;
Give us, from thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine.
- 4 Like the dew, thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.
- 5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make thy temple in each breast,
There supreme to reign and rest,
Comforter Divine.

WHITSUNTIDE.

6 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

7 In us "Abba, Father" cry
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine.

253 *If I depart, I will send him unto you.* [P.M.
John xvi. 7.

1 OUR bless'd Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And meet for thee."

Trinity Sunday.

“THE UNITY IN TRINITY, AND THE TRINITY IN
UNITY, IS TO BE WORSHIPPED.”

254 *The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the [L.M.
love of God, and the communion of the Holy
Ghost, be with you all.—2 Cor. xiii. 14.*

- 1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One.
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.*

255 *There the Lord commanded the blessing, [L.M.
even life for evermore.—Ps. cxxxiii. 3.*

- 1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesu, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, Follow me.
- 3 Command thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

- 4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true Eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd.^b

256 *The redeemed of the Lord shall come with [7s. 5.
singing unto Zion.—Isa. li. 11.*

- 1 THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.
- 2 Light of lights, with morning, shine:
Lift on us thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.
- 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.^v

257 *Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and [6s. 4s.
glorify thy name?—Rev. xv. 4.*

- 1 FATHER of heaven above,
Dwelling in light and love,
Ancient of days,
Light unapproachable,
Love inexpressible,
Thee, the Invisible,
Laud we and praise.
- 2 Christ the eternal Word,
Christ the incarnate Lord,
Saviour of all,
High throned above all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Increate, infinite,
On thee we call.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

- 3 O God, the Holy Ghost,
Whose fires of Pentecost
Burn evermore,
In this far wilderness
Leave us not comfortless :
Thee we love, thee we bless,
Thee we adore.
- 4 Strike your harps, heavenly powers ;
With your glad chants shall ours
Trembling ascend :
All praise, O God, to thee.
Three in One, One in Three,
Praise everlastingly,
World without end.

258 *The name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*—Matt. xxviii. 19. [NINE 7s.]

- 1 MIGHTY Father, blessèd Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Evermore thy will be done.
Threefold is thy glorious might,
Threefold is thy name of light
Veil'd before our mortal sight.
Threefold let our praises be,
Great Mysterious One, to thee,
Undivided Trinity.
- 2 Into mystery deeper higher
Thou dost awfully retire
Lowliest reverence to inspire ;
That within the golden door,
Sense and sight must wait before,
Faith may enter and adore :
Mystery—'tis all around ;
Mystery—but holy ground ;
Where thy mercy may be found
- 3 O my God, mine all thou art :
Take my whole in every part,
Body, spirit, mind, and heart.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Threefold is thy love to me;
Threefold let my graces be,
Faith and hope and charity.
Thus shall best thy will be done,
Mighty Father, blessèd Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One.

Sundays after Trinity: the Works and Word of God.

“HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FULL OF THE MAJESTY OF
THY GLORY.”

259 *How excellent is thy loving kindness,* [L.M.
 O God.—Ps. xxxvi. 7.

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
 Above the heavenly orb ascends;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
 Thy providence the world sustains;
 The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust.
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led
 To banquet on thy love's repast:
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With thee the springs of life remain:
 Thy presence is eternal day:
 O let thy saints thy favour gain,
 To upright hearts thy truth display.^b

260 *The heavens declare the glory of God.* [7s. 6s.
 Ps. xix. 1.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory,
 The firmament thy power;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour :
Night unto night, replying,
Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying
The wonders of thy hand.

- 2 The sun with royal splendour
Goes forth to chant thy praise ;
And moonbeams soft and tender
Their gentler anthem raise :
O'er every tribe and nation
That music strange is pour'd ;
The song of all creation
To thee, creation's Lord.
- 3 How perfect, just, and holy
The precepts thou hast given ;
Still making wise the lowly,
They lift the thoughts to heaven :
How pure, how soul-restoring
Thy gospel's heavenly ray,
A brighter radiance pouring
Than noon of brightest day !
- 4 Thy statutes, Lord, with gladness
Rejoice the humble heart ;
And guilty fear and sadness
From contrite souls depart :
Thy word hath richer treasure
Than dwells within the mine,
And sweetness beyond measure
Attends thy voice divine.
- 5 O who can make confession
Of every secret sin ;
Or keep from all transgression
His spirit pure within ?
But let me never boldly
From thy commands depart.
Or render to thee coldly
The service of my heart.

THE WORKS AND WORD OF GOD.

- 6 All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will ;
The stars with solemn voices
Resound thy praises still :
So let my whole behaviour,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
One ceaseless song to thee.*

261 *Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage—Ps. cxix. 54.* [C.M.]

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind :
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.*

262 *O Lord, how manifold are thy works.* [C.M.]
Ps. civ. 24.

- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love ;
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown his holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around his seat
Perform their courses still.

6 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favour'd place,
By richest fruits is known.

7 One name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

8 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.^c

263 *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a [7s. 6s.
light unto my path.—Ps. cxix. 105.*

1 O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky ;
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallow'd page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

- 2 The church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurl'd;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to thee.
- 4 O make thy church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnish'd gold
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old:
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face."

Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

"WE KNOW THEE NOW BY FAITH."

264 *Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place* [C.M.]
in all generations.—Ps. xc. 1.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.^c

265 *And the apostles said unto the Lord,* [C.M.
Increase our faith.—Luke xvii. 5.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though press'd by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod:
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
- 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.^c

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

266 *Our eyes wait upon the Lord our God.* [Gs. 4a.
Ps. cxxiii. 2.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine :
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire :
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.

267 *Incline your ear, and come unto me.* [D.C.M.
Isa. lv. 3.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.⁴

268 *Blessed are they that have not seen, and [Sic] yet have believed.—John xx. 29.*

1 WE saw thee not when thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

2 We did not see thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard thy meek imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do;"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

- 4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.
- 5 And now that thou dost reign on high,
And thence thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness ;
But we believe thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.¶

269 *We have hope, as an anchor of the soul, [Six 8s.
sure and steadfast.—Heb. vi. 19.*

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain :
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 O Love, thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me :
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.¶

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

270

It was founded upon a rock.
Matt. vii. 25.

[SIX 8s.]

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When long appears my toilsome race,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When every earthly prop gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 4 When the last trumpet's voice shall sound,
O may I then in him be found,
Robed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.*

271

I am the Lord : I change not.
Malachi iii. 6.

[P.M.]

- 1 CHANGE is our portion here ;
Soon fades the summer sky,
The landscape droops in autumn scar,
And spring flowers bloom to die :
But faithful is Jehovah's word,
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.
- 2 Change is our portion here,
Along the heavenly road :

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

In faith and hope and holy fear,
In love towards our God :
How often we distrust the word,
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

3 Change is our portion here :
Yet midst our changing lot,
Midst withering flowers and tempests drear,
There is that changes not.
Unchangeable Jehovah's word,
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

4 Changeless, the way of peace :
Changeless, Emmanuel's name ;
Changeless, the covenant of grace ;
Eternally the same.
"I change not," is a Father's word.
"And I am with thee," saith the Lord.

272 *Ye shall find rest unto your souls.* [P.M.
 Matt. xi. 29.

- 1 JESUS, I rest on thee,
In thee myself I hide :
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where can I rest beside ?
'Tis on thy meek and lowly breast
My weary soul alone can rest.
- 2 Thou Holy One of God,
The Father rests in thee ;
The voice of thy atoning blood
Pleads evermore for me :
The curse is gone ; through thee I'm blest .
God rests in thee ; in thee I rest.
- 3 The slave of sin and fear
Thy truth my bondage broke,
And now my spirit loves to wear
Thy light and easy yoke :
The love, which fills my grateful breast,
Makes duty joy and labour rest.
- 4 Soon the bright glorious day,
The rest of God, shall come ;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And I shall reach my home :
Then of the promised land possess'd
My soul shall know eternal rest.

273

I know that my Redeemer liveth.

[L.M.]

Job. xix. 25.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead ;
He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,
And still he pleads for me above ;
He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.
- 3 He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend ;
Who still will keep me to the end ;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 4 He lives my mansion to prepare,
And he will bring me safely there ;
He lives, all glory to his name,
Jesus, unchangeably the same.*

274

*He hath covered me with the robe of
righteousness.—Isa. lxi. 10.*

[L.M.]

- 1 JESU, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

- 4 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove ;
Now let thy word o'er all prevail ;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.*

275 *There shall be a fountain opened for sin [C.M.
and uncleanness.—Zech. xiii. 1.*

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me :
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.*

276 *In my Father's house are many [C.M.
mansions.—John xiv. 2.*

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

- I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.°

277 *God will be with me, so that I come [C.M.
again to my father's house in peace.
—Gen. xxviii. 20, 21.*

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :—
2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.
3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.°

278 *Thy footsteps are not known. [C.M.
Ps. lxxvii. 19.*

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

- He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.*

279

Believing, we rejoice.
1 Pet. i. 8.

[104th M.]

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear :
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform :
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide :
Though cisterns be broken and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through.
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ?—He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

- 3 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live:
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?
- 6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!

280 *Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.* [P.M.
Ps. lxi. 2.

- 1 O Rock of Ages! since on thee
By grace my feet are planted,
'Tis mine in tranquil faith to see
The rising storm undaunted.
When angry billows round me rave,
And tempests fierce assail me;
To thee I cling, the terrors brave,
For thou canst never fail me;
Though rends the globe with earthquake shock,
Unmoved thou stand'st, Eternal Rock.
- 2 Within thy clefts I love to hide,
When darkness o'er me closes;
There peace and light serene abide,
And my still heart reposes;
My soul exults to dwell secure,
Thy strong munitions round her;
She dares to count her triumph sure,
Nor fears lest hell confound her:
Though tumults startle earth and sea,
Thou changeless Rock, they shake not thee.
- 3 From thee, O Rock once smitten, flow
Life-giving streams for ever;
And whoso doth their sweetness know,
He henceforth thirsteth never;
My lips have touch'd the crystal tide,
And feel no more returning,
The fever that so long I tried
To cool, yet felt still burning;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

Ah, wondrous Well-spring, brimming o'er
With living waters evermore.

- 4 On that dread day when they that sleep
Shall hear the trumpet sounding,
And wake to praise, or wake to weep,
The judgment throne surrounding;
When, wrapp'd in all-devouring flame,
The solid globe is wasting,
And what at first from nothing came
Is back to nothing hasting;
Even then, my soul shall calmly rest,
O Rock of Ages, on thy breast.

281 *Father, not my will, but thine, be done.*—Luke xxii. 42. [10a. 4a.]

- 1 O LORD, my God, do thou thy holy will:
I will lie still.
I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.
- 2 To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
Doth Christ impart
The virtue of his midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.
- 3 "O Father, not my will, but thine be done,"
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys;
That we may cling for ever to thy breast
In perfect rest.

282 *My sheep shall never perish.* [7a.]
John x. 28.

- 1 THINE for ever:—God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

- 2 Thine for ever :—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife :
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever :—O how bless'd
They who find in thee their rest !
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine for ever :—Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever :—thou our guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.¹

283

Is it well with thee ? It is well.

[8s. 4s.

2 Kings iv. 26.

- 1 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well ;
Free and changeless is his favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us ;
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us ;
Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us ;
All must be well.
- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding ;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding ;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;
All must be well.
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow ;
All will be well ;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.*

284 *Glorious things are spoken of thee,* [D. 8s. 7s.
 O city of God.—Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.ª

285 *Christ is the head of the church.* [7s. 6s.
 Eph. v. 23.

- 1 THE church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the Word:

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : FAITH.

From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride,
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest :
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumults of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious;
Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won :
O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

Sundays after Trinity: Cope.

"GRAFT IN OUR HEARTS THE LOVE OF THY NAME."

286

Thou shalt call his name Jesus.

[L.M.]

Matt. i. 21.

- 1 JESUS,—the very thought is sweet:
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But O, than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of his presence are.
- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss:
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.
- 3 Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn:
To them that seek thee, O how kind:—
But what art thou to them that find?
- 4 Jesu, thou sweetness, pure and blest,
Truth's fountain, light of souls distress'd,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires.
- 5 No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness:
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.
- 6 We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, and hymn of praise,
That he at last may make us meet
With him to gain the heavenly seat.*

287

*That Christ may dwell in your hearts by
faith.—Eph. iii. 17.* [C.M.]

- 1 JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflow'd,

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE.

- A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
To penitents how kind,
To those who seek how good thou art ;—
But what to those who find ?
- 4 Ah, this no tongue can utter ; this
No mortal page can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesu, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.*

288

Whom having not seen, ye love.
1 Pet. i. 8.

[C.M.]

- 1 JESU, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine :
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.
- 2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me ;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thy image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravish'd soul.
- 4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone ;
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal.
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal
All glorious as thou art.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE.

289 *Continue ye in my love.*—John xv. 9. [Six Es.]

- 1 Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of thy grace;
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.
- 2 Jesu, too late I thee have sought,
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.
- 3 Jesu, what didst thou find in me,
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.
- 4 Jesu, of thee shall be my song,
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is thine,
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.^s

290 *Thy name is as ointment poured forth.* [C.M.
Song i. 3.]

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear:
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE.

- My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesu, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.*

291

The name of thy holy Child Jesus.
Acts iv. 30.

[C.M.]

- 1 THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE.

- 6 And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.*

292 *The love of Christ constraineth us.* [C.M.
2 Cor. v. 14.

- 1 My blessèd Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to thee.
- 2 I love thee for the glorious worth
Which in thyself I see;
I love thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.
- 3 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh
Beset with troubles round.
- 4 Thou wouldst like wretched man be made
In every thing but sin,
That we as like thee might become
As we unlike had been.
- 5 Like thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every beauteous grace;
From glory thus to glory changed,
As we behold thy face.*

293 *We have not an High Priest which cannot* [C.M.
be touched with the feeling of our in-
firmities.—Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And yearns with faithful love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE.

- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.*

294 *The Lord is my light and my salvation.* [C.M.
Ps. xxvii. 1.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning has begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.*

295 *Christ in you, the hope of glory.* [D. 8s. 7s.
Col. i. 27.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE.

- 2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.^a

296 *My soul followeth hard after thee.* [8s. 8s. 6
Ps. lxiii. 8.

- 1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
My thirsty spirit faints to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart :
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet ;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE. 3

Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

297 *Lovest thou me?—John xxi. 15.* [7s.]

- 1 HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour ; hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
“ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done :
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?”
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint :
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more.

298 *Lord, thou knowest all things : thou knowest that I love thee.—John xxi. 17.* [TEN 7s.]

- 1 FROM the guiding star that led
Sages to the manger bed ;
From the God incarnate press'd
To the mother-maiden's breast ;
From the labours humbly plied
Day by day at Joseph's side ;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE.

From the sacred lessons learn'd
When the lamp of evening burn'd,—
Steals the voice persuasively,
“Lovest thou, yea, lovest me?”

2 From the Holy Dove who came
Through the azure heavens like flame;
From the fast, the fonghten strife;
From the victory of life;
From the happy homes that smiled,
Parent heal'd and rescued child;
From the health that play'd again
On the cheek long worn with pain,—
Still there sounds unweariedly,
“Lovest thou, yea, lovest me?”

3 From the mingled glow and gloom
Of the Paschal upper room;
From the deepening shades that fell
Over Kedron's awful dell;
From the blood-stain'd pathway trod
By the fainting Son of God;
From the woes to us unknown,
Bitter cross, and sealèd stone,—
Ever comes persistently,
“Lovest thou, yea, lovest me?”

4 From the dawn of Easter light
Breaking on the world's long night;
From the glories lingering yet
On the brow of Olivet;
From the rapturous angel-songs;
From the Pentecostal tongues;
From the voice divinely sweet
At the golden mercy-seat,—
Pleads, and pleads victoriously,
“Lovest thou, yea, lovest me?”

5 “Lord, thou knowest through and through
All I am and say and do,
All the daily wants that press,
All my hourly waywardness,

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE.

All my conflicts, crosses, cares,
Feeble praises, struggling prayers;—
Yet thou knowest, Lord, that I
Fain for thee would live, would die;
Surely thou, who knowest me,
Knowest, Master, I love thee.”¹

299

*I will love thee, O Lord my
strength.—Ps. xviii. 1.*

[SIX GS.]

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love till sacred fire
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.
- 2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile—thy sceptre or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.²

300

*When they had nothing to pay, he frankly
forgave them.—Luke vii. 42.* [S.M.]

- 1 HE gave me back the bond;
It was a heavy debt;
And as he gave he smiled and said,
“Thou wilt not me forget.”

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE.

- 2 He gave me back the bond ;
The seal was torn away ;
And as he gave he smiled and said,
"Think thou of me alway."
- 3 That bond I still will keep,
Although it cancell'd be,
It tells me of the love of him
Who paid the debt for me.
- 4 I look on it and smile ;
I look again and weep ;
That record of his love for me
I will for ever keep.
- 5 It is a bond no more ;
But it shall ever tell
All that I owed was fully paid
By my Emmanuel.*

301 *Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much.—* [D.C.M.
Luke vii. 47.

- 1 We love thee, Lord ; yet not alone, because thy
bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts on
ocean and on land ;
We praise thee, gracious Lord, for these, yet not
for these alone
The incense of thy children's love arises to thy
throne.
- 2 We love thee, Lord, because, when we had err'd
and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls into the
heavenward way,
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin and
sorrow's night,
A guiding ray was granted us from thy pure
fount of light.
- 3 Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us with ever-
lasting love,

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : LOVE.

And sentest forth thy Son to die that we might
live above ;

Because, when we were heirs of wrath, thou
gavest hopes of heaven ;

We love because we much have sinn'd, and much
have been forgiven.^d

302

We are debtors.—Rom. viii. 12.

[Six 7s.

1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory ;
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own ;
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinuing heart ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe,

4 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let thy glory pass ;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet ;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

5 Chosen not for good in me,
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.^k

Sundays after Trinity : Holiness.

"DAILY ENDEAVOURING OURSELVES TO FOLLOW THE
BLESSED STEPS OF HIS MOST HOLY LIFE."

303 *Leaving us an example that ye should* [C.M.
 follow his steps.—1 Pet. ii. 21.

- 1 LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
 And plead to be forgiven,
 So let thy life our pattern be,
 And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
 Our daily cross to bear ;
 Like thee to do our Father's will,
 Our brethren's grief to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
 Our earthliness refine,
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
 As free and true as thine.
- 4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
 And grief's dark day come on,
 We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
 Father, thy will be done.
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
 Or brethren faithless prove,
 Then, like thine own, be all our aim
 To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Forgiving and forgiven,
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 And follow thee to heaven."

304 *They gave their own selves to the* [Six 6s.
 Lord.—2 Cor. viii. 5.

I GAVE my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransom'd be,
 And quicken'd from the dead.
I gave my life for thee ;
 What hast thou given for me ?

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : HOLINESS.

- 2 I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee ;
Hast thou spent one for me ?
- 3 My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee ;
Hast thou left aught for me ?
- 4 I suffer'd much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffer'd much for thee ;
What canst thou bear for me ?
- 5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee ;
What hast thou brought to me ?
- 6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
I gave myself for thee ;
Give thou thyself to me.

305 *A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.—Ezek. xxxvi. 26.* [C.M.]

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free :
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me :

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : HOLINESS.

- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within :
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart :
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.*

306 *I am the way, the truth, and the life.* [C.M.
John xiv. 6.

- 1 THOU art the way,—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the truth,—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those, who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whose joys eternal flow.*

307 *Changed into the same image from glory* [C.M.
to glory.—2 Cor. iii. 18.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till thou art form'd within ;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : HOLINESS.

Till thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,
And crush'd the power of sin.

2 O may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.

3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to thee ;
And in a fairer happier home
Thy perfect beauty see."

308 *My soul thirsteth for thee.*—Ps. lxxiii. 1. [C.M.]

1 THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam :

2 But high she shoots through air and light
Above each low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, God, from earthly care,
From pride and passion free,
Aloft through faith and love's pure air
To hold my course to thee.

4 No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings."

309 *If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross daily, and follow me.* [L.M.]
Luke ix. 23.

1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be ;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : HOLINESS.

- Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.
- 2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm :
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thine heart and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross then in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross and follow him,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.
- 6 To Thee, O God, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend ;
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.^b

310 *Put on the whole armour of God.* [D.S.M.
Eph. vi. 11.

- 1 JESU, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : HOLINESS.

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to maintain
The consecrated cross.

- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

- 4 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.'

311 *What things were gain to me, those I [D. 8s. 7c.
counted loss for Christ.—Phil. iii. 7.*

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : HOLINESS.

- 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
- 4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise."

312 *A people near unto him.—Ps. cxlviii. 14. [6s. 4s.]*

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 3 'There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : HOLINESS.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

313

*The things which are not seen are
eternal.*—2 Cor. iv. 18.

[D.C.M.]

- 1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away :
O for the pearly gates of heaven ;
O for the golden floor ;
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more !
- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint ;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint :
O for a heart that never sins ;
O for a soul wash'd white ;
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.

SUNDAYS' AFTER TRINITY : HOLINESS.

O by thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.^d

314 *Whom have I in heaven but thee?* [SIX Ss.
Ps. lxxiii. 25.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows :
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all:
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.^h

315 *Go work to-day in my vineyard.* [4s. 10s.
Matt. xxi. 28.

1 Come, labour on.
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work to-day."

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : HOLINESS.

- 2 Come, labour on.
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly.
The night draws nigh.
- 3 Come, labour on.
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be fill'd and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, "Come."
- 4 Come, labour on.
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.
- 5 Come, labour on.
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
"Servants, well done."
- 6 Come, labour on.
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessèd are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with thee!

316

My helpers in Christ Jesus.
Rom. xvi. 3.

[L.M.]

- 1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone.
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.
- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in thee,

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY : HOLINESS.

- I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 O give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell; thy praise to show.
- 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where ;
Until thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.^b

317

He careth for you.—1 Pet. v. 7. [Six 7s.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.^k

318 *He saith unto them, Follow me. And they [8s. 7a.]
straightway left their nets, and followed
him.—Matt. iv. 19, 20.*

- 1 JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me."
- 2 As, of old, Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.
- 3 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, "Christian, love me more."
- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."
- ^k Jesus calls us. By thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee, best of all.^m

Sundays after Trinity : Warfare and Pilgrimage.

"MANFULLY TO FIGHT UNDER HIS BANNER."

319 *Be strong in the Lord, and in the power [S.M.]
of his might.—Eph. vi. 10.*

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;

WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray :
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.*

320 *That ye may be able to withstand in the [7s. 6s.
evil day, and having done all to stand.
Eph. vi. 13.*

1 STAND up, stand up, for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead ;
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus ;
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day :
Ye that are men now serve him
Against unnumber'd foes ;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus ;
Stand in his strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus ;
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.*

321

Be ye sober, and watch unto prayer.

[7s. 3.

1 Pet. iv. 7.

- 1 "CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
"Watch and pray."
- 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours :
"Watch and pray."
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambush'd lies the evil one ;
"Watch and pray."
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."
- 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart his word,
"Watch and pray."

WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

- 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
“Watch and pray.”

322 *Be strong and of good courage : for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee.—Deut. xxxi. 6.* [11s.]

- 1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe,
Forward into battle, see, his banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.
- 2 At the name of Jesus Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise:
Brothers, lift your voices; loud your anthems
raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.
- 3 Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have
trod.
We are not divided, all one body we—
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.
- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise
and wane;
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church
prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot
fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.
- 5 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-
song;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.

323 *Speak unto the children of Israel, that* [11s.
 they go forward.—Exod. xiv. 15.

- 1 FORWARD! be our watchword, steps and voices
 join'd;
 Seek the things before us, not a look behind;
 Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;
 Who shall dream of shrinking, by Jehovah led?
 Forward through the desert, through the toil and
 fight:
 Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light.
- 2 Forward, when in childhood buds the infant
 mind;
 All through youth and manhood, not a thought
 behind;
 Speed through realms of nature, climb the steps
 of grace;
 Faint not, till around us gleams the Father's face.
 Forward, all the life-time, climb from height to
 height;
 Till the head be hoary, till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus, salt of all the earth,
 Till each yearning purpose spring to glorious
 birth:
 Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they grope for
 day:
 Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward, out of error; leave behind the night;
 Forward through the darkness, forward into light.
- 4 Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love him one day to be shared:
 Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never heard;
 Nor of these hath utter'd thought or speech a
 word:

WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

Forward, marching eastward, where the heaven
is bright,
Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be sight.

- 5 Far o'er yon horizon rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth ; that fair home is ours ;
Flash the streets with jasper, shine the gates with
gold ;
Flows the gladdening river shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither, in Jehovah's might :
Pilgrims to your country, forward into light.
- 6 To the Father's glory loudest anthems raise ;
To the Son and Spirit echo songs of praise ;
To the Lord Jehovah, blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises, dull the songs of night ;
Forward into triumph, forward into light.

324 *They declare plainly that they seek* [P.M.
 a country.—Heb. xi. 14.

1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home.
Where we our rest shall gain :
Hallelujah ! we are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah ! we are on our way to God.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah ! we are on our way to God.

4 There in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing ;
There love in every bosom reigns,

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

For God himself is King.

Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.

- 5 We soon shall join the throng;
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.
Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.

- 6 How sweet the prospect is !
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast :
 We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.
 Hallelujah ! we are on our way to God.

325 *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* [7s. 6s.]
—2 Cor. iv. 17.

- 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head !
- 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then !
- 3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due :
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn,
- 5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.

WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

- 6 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?
- 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

326 *Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?* [83. 6.
—Song viii. 5.

- 1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak on thee may lean :
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee.
- 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to thee?
- 3 Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found a place of rest ;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to thee.
- 4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.
- 5 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love in gentlest tone
Whispers, " Still cling to me."
- 6 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside :
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee !
- 7 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since thou art near and strong to save ;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to thee.

- 8 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to thee?

327

Quit you like men, be strong.

[7s.

1 Cor. ii. 13.

- 1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go :
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe :
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad :
March in heavenly armour clad :
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.¹

328

*Be of good cheer : it is I : be not
afraid.—Matt. xiv. 27.*

[8s. 7s. 4.

- 1 WHY those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship :
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,

WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone ;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

- 3 Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
Led by that, the storms defy ;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.
- 4 O what pleasures there await us :
'There the tempests cease to roar ;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more :
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil happy shore.°

329 *These confessed that they were strangers [8s.7s.4.
and pilgrims on the earth.—Heb.
xi. 13.*

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow ;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.°

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

330 *The ark of the covenant of the Lord* [8s. 7s. 4s.
went before them.—Num. x. 33.

- 1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but thee;
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy:
 Thus provided,
 Pardon'd, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.°

331 *The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not* [Six 8s.
want.—Ps. xxiii. 1.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 For me when spent with conflict, Lord,
'Thy bounty spreads a sumptuous board;
Here crown'd with goodness I repose;
With mercy here my cup o'erflows :
Sweet pledges of the joys to come
In heaven my everlasting home.*

332 *The ransomed of the Lord shall come to [Six 8s.
Zion with songs and everlasting joy
upon their heads.—Isa. xxxv. 10.*

1 LEADER of faithful souls and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely ;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd ;

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

The church of the first-born to join
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.^s

333 *The Lord is on my side ; I will not* [THREE 8s.
fear.—Ps. cxviii. 6.

- 1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
- 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?
- 3 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 4 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 5 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 6 Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

334 *Here have we no continuing city, but we* [L.M.
seek one to come—Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 WE'VE no abiding city here :
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 We've no abiding city here ;
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let the thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here ;
We seek a city out of sight ;

WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

Zion its name: the Lord is there:

It shines with everlasting light.

4 Zion, Jehovah is her strength;
Secure, she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his, to fix my time of rest.^b

335 *O that I had wings like a dove, for then [104TH M.
would I fly away, and be at rest.—
Ps. lv. 6.*

1 O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to thy presence above;
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast.

2 Ah there the wild tempest for ever shall cease;
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

3 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright Sun of Glory, no more to decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
O what will it be when the fulness appears.^a

336 *What is this that he saith, A little [11s. 10s.
while?—John xvi. 18.*

1 O FOR the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright for ever,
Amid the shadows of earth's little while!

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

- 2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest
song.
- 3 A little while, to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.
- 4 A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
- 5 A little while, to keep the oil from failing;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
hailing,
To greet his advent with the bridal hymn.
- 6 And he who is himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad for ever,
Will light the shadows of the little while.

337 *If this cup may not pass from me except I [8s. 4.
drink it, thy will be done.—Matt. xxvi. 42.*

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.
- 2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.

WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

- 4 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what is thine;
Thy will be done.
- 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest,—
Thy will be done.
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.
- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

Amen.

338

A stranger in a strange land.

[6s. 4s.

Exod. ii. 22.

- 1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home,
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home,
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

And there I too shall rest ;
Heaven is my home.

- 4 Therefore I'll murmur not,
Heaven is my home,
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand ;—
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

339 *A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.—Isa. xxxii. 2.* [9s.]

- 1 REST of the weary, joy of the sad ;
Hope of the dreary, light of the glad ;
Home of the stranger, strength to the end ;
Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.
2 Pillow, where lying love rests its head ;
Peace of the dying, life of the dead ;
Path of the lowly, prize at the end ;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.
3 When my feet stumble, I'll to thee cry ;
Crown of the humble, cross of the high :
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.
4 Ever confessing thee, I will raise
Unto thee blessing, glory, and praise :—
All my endeavour, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

340 *Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.—Ps. cxix. 54.* [7s.]

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :

WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, the everlasting Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.¹

341 *The redeemed of the Lord shall return* [8s. 7a
 and come with singing unto Zion.—
 Isa. li. 11.

1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the light of God's own presence
O'er his ransom'd people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

- 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :
- 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.
- 7 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the cross our aid ;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
- 8 Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.^m

342 *Herein is my Father glorified, that ye* [11s.
 bear much fruit.—John xv. 8.

- 1 SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour, listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.
All we have we offer ; all we hope to be ;
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to Thee.
- 2 Farther, ever farther, from thy wounded side
Heedlessly we wander'd, wander'd far and wide ;
Till thou cam'st in mercy, seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them, Saviour, to thy fold.
- 3 Nearer, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration bending low the knee :
Thou for our redemption cam'st on earth to die ;
Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.
- 4 Great and ever greater are thy mercies here ;
True and everlasting are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow, toil or care is known,
Where the angel legions circle round thy throne.
- 5 Clearer still and clearer dawns the light from
heaven,
In our sadness bringing news of sin forgiven ;

WARNING AND INVITATION.

Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within ;
Thou hast shed thy radiance on a world of sin.

6 Brighter still and brighter glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness o'er our work that's
done ;

Time will soon be over, toil and sorrow past ;
May we, blessèd Saviour, find a rest at last.

7 Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us, journeying on to God ;
Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
Backward never looking till the prize is won.

8 Higher then and higher bear the ransom'd soul,
Earthly toils forgotten, Saviour, to its goal ;
Where, in joys unthought of, saints with angels
sing,
Never weary raising praises to their King. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity : Warning and Invitation.

“TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, HARDEN
NOT YOUR HEARTS.”

343 *Exhort one another daily while it is* [S.M.
 called to-day.—Heb. iii. 13.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingèd hour
 Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
 The aged and the young.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY :

- 4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 'To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.'

344 *Let us labour to enter into that rest.* [S.M.
Heb. iv. 11.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh,
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone,
- 6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.'

345 *Him that cometh to me I will in no wise* [7s. 6s.
cast out.—John vi. 37.

- 1 "COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppress'd !
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 "Come unto me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.
- 3 "Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.
- 4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh, patient voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt !
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee."

346

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.
Rev. xxii. 17.

[S.M.]

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, Sinner, come :
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all her children, Come.
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come :

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

- 3 Yea, whosoever will,
 O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

- 4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, I quickly come.
Lord, even so we wait thine hour :
 O blest Redeemer, come.*

Saints' Days : The Church Triumphant.

"MAKE THEM TO BE NUMBERED WITH THY SAINTS
IN GLORY EVERLASTING."

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

347 *There is hope in thine end, that thy children shall come again.—Jer. xxxi. 17.* [S.M.]

- 1 GLORY to thee, O Lord,
 Who from this world of sin,
By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword
 Those precious ones didst win.
- 2 Glory to thee, O Lord ;
 For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in patience their reward,
 The martyr's heavenly crown.
- 3 Baptized in their own blood,
 Earth's untried perils o'er,
They pass'd unconsciously the flood,
 And safely gain'd the shore.
- 4 Glory to thee, for all
 The ransom'd infant band,
Who since that hour have heard thy call,
 And reach'd the quiet land.
- 5 O that our hearts within,
 Like theirs, were pure and bright ;
O that, as free from wilful sin,
 We shrank not from thy sight !

SAINTS' DAYS: THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

- 6 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim ;
In life to glorify thy power,
In death to praise thy name.*

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

348 *They brought him to Jerusalem, to present [8s. 7s.—
him to the Lord.—Luke ii. 22.*

- 1 In his temple now behold him ;
See the long-expected Lord :
Ancient prophets had foretold him ;
God hath now fulfill'd his word.
Now to praise him his redeemèd
Shall break forth with one accord.
- 2 In the arms of her who bore him,
Virgin pure, behold him lie ;
While his agèd saints adore him,
Ere in perfect faith they die.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Lo, the incarnate God Most High.
- 3 Jesu, by thy presentation,
Thou who didst for us endure,
Make us see thy great salvation,
Seal us with thy promise sure ;
And present us in thy glory
To thy Father, cleansed and pure.
- 4 Prince and Author of salvation.
Be thy boundless love our theme :
Jesu, praise to thee be given
By the world thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme. Amen.

349 *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall [S.M.,
see God.—Matt. v. 8.*

- 1 BLESS'D are the pure in heart
For they shall see our God :
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their king :
- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart,
- 4 Lord, we thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.*

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

350 *A virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, [SIX 8s.
and shall call his name Emmanuel.*
—Isa. vii. 14.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, who in love didst take
A human body, for our sake ;
To share with us the griefs of life,
Its watchings, weariness, and strife ;
All that belongs to man, but sin,
Thou didst this day thyself begin.
- 2 Saviour of infants, thou didst rest,
Helpless, upon thy mother's breast ;
Saviour of children, thou didst play,
And grow beside her, day by day,
All human life to soothe and save,
Up from the cradle to the grave.
- 3 Saviour, as low as thou didst bend
From heaven to be the sinner's friend,
So high our nature lift with thine,
Till human things become divine,
And thy eternal love once more
God's image to the soul restore.
- 4 And when we cling too close to earth,
Forgetful of our heavenly birth,

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

And for the love of its poor dross,
Despise thy crown or shun thy cross,
O let this festal day reprove
Such wrong to thine incarnate love.*

“WITH ALL THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN WE LAUD AND
MAGNIFY THY GLORIOUS NAME.”

351 *Be ye followers of them who through faith
and patience inherit the promises.—* [S.M.
Heb. vi. 12.

- 1 FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who follow'd thee, obey'd, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry ;
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,
With thee their Lord in view,
Learn'd from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.*

352 *The armies in heaven followed him.* [D.C.M.
Rev. xix. 14.

- 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar.
Who follows in his train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on him to save.
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came :
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid ;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.¹

353 *Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord [7s. 6s.
God Almighty ; just and true are thy
ways, thou King of saints.—Rev. xv. 3.*

1 FROM all thy saints in warfare, for all thy saints
at rest,
To thee, O blessèd Jesu, all praises be address'd.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might
conquerors be ;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays
from thee.

[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be
celebrated.]

Saint Andrew.

2 Praise, Lord, for thine Apostle, the first to
welcome thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

With hearts for thee made ready, watch we
throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own thine
Advent near.

Saint Thomas.

- 3 All praise for thine Apostle, whose short-lived
doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of thy
love.
On all who wait thy coming shed forth thy
peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know thee, true Man,
true God, adored.

Saint Stephen.

- 4 Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw thee
ready stand,
To aid in midst of torment, to plead at God's
right hand.
Share we with him, if summon'd by death our
Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the
martyr-crown.

Saint John the Evangelist.

- 5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos'
shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to thy Godhead
bore.
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us
reveal'd;
May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect be
seal'd.

The Innocents' Day.

- 6 Praise for thine infant Martyrs, by thee with
tenderest love
Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest
above.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

O Rachel, cease thy weeping ; they rest from
pains and cares :

Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as
bright as theirs.

The Conversion of Saint Paul.

7 Praise for the light from Heaven, praise for the
voice of awe,

Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day :
So lighten all our darkness with thy true Spirit's
ray.

Saint Matthias.

8 Lord, thine abiding Presence directs the wondrous
choice ;

For one in place of Judas the faithful now
rejoice.

Thy Church from false apostles for evermore
defend,

And, by thy parting promise, be with her to the
end.

Saint Mark.

9 For him, O Lord, we praise thee, the weak by
grace made strong,

Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our
triumph-song.

May we in all our weakness find strength from
thee supplied,

And all as fruitful branches in thee, the Vine,
abide.

Saint Philip and Saint James.

10 All praise for thine Apostle, bless'd guide to
Greck and Jew.

And him surnamed thy brother ; keep us thy
brethren true.

And grant the grace to know thee, the way, the
truth, the life ;

To wrestle with temptations till victors in the
strife.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

Saint Barnabas.

- 11 The son of consolation, moved by thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from
above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of
grace descend.
That thy true consolations may through the
world extend.

Saint John Baptist.

- 12 We praise thee for the Baptist, forerunner of
the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw thy
dawning ray,
Make us the rather blessèd, who love thy
glorious day.

Saint Peter.

- 13 Praise for thy great Apostle, the eager and the
bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to
feed thy fold.
Lord, make thy pastors faithful, to guard their
flocks from ill;
And grant them dauntless courage with humble
earnest will.

Saint James.

- 14 For him, O Lord, we praise thee, who, slain by
Herod's sword,
Drank of thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus
thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read thy veil'd
decree;
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer
thee.

Saint Bartholomew.

- 15 All praise for thine Apostle, the faithful, pure,
and true,
Whom, underneath the fig-tree, thine eye all-
seeing knew.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites
indeed;

That thine abiding Presence our longing souls
may feed.

Saint Matthew.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel thy human
life declared,

Who, worldly gains forsaking, thy path of
suffering shared.

From all unrighteous mammon, O give us
hearts set free,

That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and
follow thee.

Saint Luke.

17 For that beloved physician, all praise, whose
Gospel shows

The healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.

Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts
deign to pour,

And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

Saint Simon and Saint Jude.

18 Praise, Lord, for thine Apostles, who seal'd
their faith to-day :

One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the
sacred way.

May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ
maintain,

And, bound in love as brethren, at length thy
rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred
throng,

Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the
ceaseless song ;

For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we thee
adore,

And, walking in their footsteps, would serve
thee more and more.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we
God the Son.

And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One ;
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before
the throne,

And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God
alone. Amen.

354 *We are compassed about with so great a [P.M.
cloud of witnesses.—Heb. xii. 1.*

1 For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever bless'd.

Alleluia !

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their
might :

Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
fight ;

Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light.

Alleluia !

3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold.

Alleluia !

4 O blest Communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia !

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,

Alleluia !

6 The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.

Alleluia !

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day :
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Alleluia !

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest
coast.
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless
host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia ! Amen.

355 *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life ; [7s. 8. 12.
no man cometh unto the Father, but
by me.—John xiv. 6.*

1 Tempted oft to go astray,
Jesu Christ, be thou my way ;
Mock'd with shadowy dreams of youth,
Jesu Christ, be thou my truth ;
Wearied out with manhood's strife,
Jesu Christ, be thou my life ;
Such to thy saints wast thou of yore,
Unchangeable thou art, and shalt be evermore.

2 Thou the Way art, thou the prize
That beyond the journey lies ;
Thou the Truth art, thou the Guide,
Gone before, yet by our side ;
Everlasting life below
It is truly thee to know ;
Such to thy saints wast thou of yore,
Unchangeable thou art, and shalt be evermore.

3 Would we follow, true and bold,
Steps of holy men of old ;
Freely leave the world, to prove
Our, like their, undying love ;
And as freely life lay down,
To receive a martyr's crown ?
O Saviour of the saints of yore,
Be thou to us, what thou to them wast, evermore.

SAINTS DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

356 *They sang a new song, saying, Thou art [C.M.
worthy.—Rev. v. 9.*

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand
 Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
 A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
 To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,
 One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
 On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
 The church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honour to obtain
 And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
 Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?
 Thy victory, O grave?
- 6 Then Hallelujah! power and praise
 To God in Christ be given;
May all, who now this anthem raise,
 Renew the strain in heaven.^c

357 *To him that overcometh will I grant to sit [C.M.
with me in my throne.—Rev. iii. 21.*

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

358 *Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, [7s.
and the glory, and the victory.—1 Chron.
xxix. 11.*

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through his cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."
- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, that made them so.
- 5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt and fear and suffering felt;
But were saved by sovereign grace.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

- 6 They were mortal too like us ;
O, when we like them must die,
May our souls translated thus
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.¹

359 *I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, [D.C.M.
clothed with white robes and palms
in their hands.—Rev. vii. 9.*

- 1 How bright these glorious spirits shine :
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?
Lo, these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 2 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.
- 3 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.^a

360 *They that be wise shall shine as the [8s. 7s. 7s.
brightness of the firmament.—
Dan. xii. 3.*

- 1 Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band ?

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

Hallelujah ! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness :
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand ?
Whence come all this glorious band ?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng ;
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified ;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These are they who watch'd and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve him still ;
New in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face.°

361 *What are these, which are arrayed in white [D. 7s.
robes ?—Rev. vii. 13.*

1 **WHAT** are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
“ Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his almighty name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.¹

362 *These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes.—Rev. vii. 14.* [L.M.]

- 1 Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads stand:
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory bless'd.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see the Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To him their loud Hosannas raise:
- 5 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.^a

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

363

He hath prepared for them a city.

[6s. 4s.

Heb. xi. 16.

- 1 JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss :
O happy place,
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face.
- 2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live ;
There angels to him sing,
And lowly homage give :
O happy place, &c.
- 3 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease ;
The prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of Peace :
O happy place, &c.
- 4 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold ;
O happy place, &c.
- 5 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd
O happy place, &c.
- 6 Ah me, ah me ! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay :
No place like that on high ;
Lord, thither guide my way.
O happy place,
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face."

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

364 *Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel* [P.M.
in strength.—Ps. ciii. 20.

- 1 STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Fill'd with celestial splendence and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the "Thrice Holy" song ever and aye :
- 2 These are thy counsellors, these dost thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest thy throne ;
These are thy ministers, these dost thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to befriend.
- 3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers ;
Thrones, principalities, virtues, and powers,
Where with the living ones, mystical four,
Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.
- 4 Still let them succour us, still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right ;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

365 *All the angels stood round about the* [D.C.M.
throne.—Rev. vii. 11.

- 1 FATHER, before thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend,
And ever in thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend ;
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy choir,
Hymn glory, Lord, to thee.
And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each thy goodness sings ;
O may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray thee for thy grace,
That thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of thy face.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

- 3 Here where the angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And serve thee e'en as they;
With them to raise our notes of praise,
With them thy love to own;
That boyhood's time and manhood's prime
Be thine and thine alone.^d

366 *The angel of the Lord said, Go, speak all [P.M.
the words of this life.—Acts v. 20.*

- 1 HARK, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are
telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.
- 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and
dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be
past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come
at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

367 *Behold the angels of God ascending [D.C.M.
and descending.—Gen. xxviii. 12.*

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King :—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.^d

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

368 *We must through much tribulation enter* [P.M.
into the kingdom of God.—Acts xiv. 22.

- 1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory :
We lift our hearts and voices,
With bless'd anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise in grateful lays,
Which ever brings us nigher :
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour :
The love divine, that made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation :
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation ;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us,
The world despise, for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us :
And, if thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To call us up to heaven.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

369 *The whole family in heaven and earth.* [C.M.
Eph. iii. 15.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd;
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
- 6 O that we now might grasp our guide;
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven."

370 *Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, stood before the throne.— Rev. vii. 9.* [D. 8s. 7s

- 1 HARK the sound of holy voices, chanting at the
crystal sea,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Lord, to
thee;
Multitudes, which none can number, like the
stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of vic-
tory in their hand.

SAINTS' DAYS : THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet, who prepared the way of Christ,

King, apostle, saint, confessor, martyr, and evangelist,

Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have watch'd to prayer,

Join'd in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation, and have wash'd their robes in blood,

Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus; tried they were, and firm they stood;

Mock'd, afflicted, scourged, imprison'd, stoned, tormented, slain with sword,

They have conquer'd death and Satan by the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with thy cross their banner, they have triumph'd, following

Thee, the Captain of Salvation, thee, their Saviour and their King;

Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffer'd; gladly, Lord, with thee they died;

And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light;

Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;

Love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see

In the beatific vision of the Blessèd Trinity.

6 God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,

In whose body join'd together all the saints for ever dwell,

Pour upon us of thy fulness, that we may for evermore

God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

Almsgiving.

"WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE MOST MERCIFULLY TO
ACCEPT OUR ALMS."

371 *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of [C.M.
the least of these my brethren, ye have
done it unto me.—Matt xxv. 40.*

- 1 FOUNTAIN of good, to own thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to thee,
When all the worlds are thine?
- 2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheer'd.
- 4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see;
For, while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to thee.*

372 *All things come of thee, and of thine own [Ss. 4.
have we given thee.—1 Chron. xxix. 14.*

- 1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Giver of all?
- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, thou art there,
Giver of all.
- 3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.
- 4 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone.

ALMSGIVING.

And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost his sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be,
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Giver of all;

9 To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give.
O may we ever with thee live,
Giver of all. Amen.

373 *As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another.—* [S.M.
1 Pet. iv. 10.

1 WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

ALMSGIVING.

- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angel's work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be ;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.*

374 *The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did [8s. 7s. the cruse of oil fail.—1 Kings xvii. 16.*

- 1 Is thy cruse of comfort wasting ? rise and share
it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall
serve thee and thy brother :
- 2 Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy hand-
ful still renew ;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast
for two.
- 3 For the heart grows rich in giving ; all its wealth
is living grain ;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scatter'd, fill
with gold the plain.
- 4 Is thy burden hard and heavy ? do thy steps
drag wearily ?
Help to bear thy brother's burden ; God will
bear both it and thee.
- 5 Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst
thou sleep amidst the snow ?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together
both shall glow.
- 6 Art thou stricken in life's battle ? Many
wounded round thee moan ;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that
balm shall heal thine own.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER,

- 7 Is the heart a well left empty? None but God
its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its cease-
less longings still.
- 8 Is the heart a living power? self-entwined, its
strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love
will grow.^m

The Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion.

"YE THAT MIND TO COME TO THE HOLY COMMUNION
OF THE BODY AND BLOOD OF OUR SAVIOUR CHRIST,
DRAW NEAR WITH FAITH, AND TAKE THIS HOLY
SACRAMENT TO YOUR COMFORT."

375 *Come ; for all things are now ready.* [L.M.
Luke xiv. 17.

- 1 My God, and is thy table spread?
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.^b

376 *I am that bread of life.* [L.M.
John vi. 48.

- 1 JESU, thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, thou Light of men,

OR HOLY COMMUNION.

From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfill'd to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on thee call ;
To them that seek thee, thou art good ;
To them that find thee, All in All.

3 We taste thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still ;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast :
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see ;
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesu, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.^b

377

This do in remembrance of me.
Luke xxii. 19.

[C.M.]

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER,

- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesu, remember me.^c

378 *The bread that I will give is my flesh,
which I will give for the life of the
world.—John vi. 51.* [3a.]

- 1 I HUNGER and I thirst ;
Jesu, my manna be :
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.
- 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply ;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.
- 3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me thy sweetness prove ;
Renew my life with thine,
Refresh my soul with love.
- 4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began ;
Feed me, thou Bread of God ;
Help me, thou Son of Man.
- 5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before ;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

379 *To know the love of Christ, which [THREE 7s.
passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.*

- 1 JESU, to thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

OR HOLY COMMUNION.

- 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of thine outpour'd blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.
- 5 Draw us to thy wounded side,
Whence there flow'd the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 6 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us thy peace.
- 7 Lead us by thy piercèd hand
Till around thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.

380 *Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us* [L.M.
 to God by thy blood.—Rev. v. 9.

- 1 JESU, thou wounded Lamb of God,
O wash me in thy cleansing blood;
Give me to know thy love: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

5 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

6 First born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow :
To thee our hearts and hands we give :
Thine may we die : thine may we live.*

381 *That they all may be one ; as thou, Father, [C.M.]
art in me and I in thee, that they also
may be one in us.—John xvii. 21.*

1 LORD JESUS, are we one with thee ?
O height, O depth of love !
Thou one with us on Calvary,
We one with thee above.

2 Such was thy love, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down ;
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confess'd and borne by thee :
The sting, the curse, the wrath were thine
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art ;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints and thee can part.

5 Ere long shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
That we in thee are one.*

382 *I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of [C.M.]
the vine, until I drink it new with you
in my Father's kingdom.—Matt. xxvi. 29.*

1 THE hour is come ; the feast is spread :
Behold my body given ;
Behold my life-blood freely shed
To ransom souls for heaven.

OR HOLY COMMUNION.

- 2 When of this cup I drink again,
In glory and with you,
No tears its perfect joy shall stain,
A joy for ever new.
- 3 Ere then ten thousand thousand times
My table shall be spread,
And countless souls in distant climes
Be comforted and fed.
- 4 Grace, mercy, peace, be multiplied
To those who commune there ;
While seated by my Father's side
Their mansion I prepare.
- 5 But now these lips a different cup
For you must taste and drain,
And unrepiningly drink up
The dregs of bitter pain.
- 6 The griefs ye know not that are mine,
Nor yet my glories see ;
But break the bread and drink the wine,
And thus remember me.^c

383 *The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?—1 Cor. x. 16.* [10s.

- 1 COME take by faith the body of your Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpour'd.
- 2 Saved by his body, hallow'd by his blood,
With souls refresh'd we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's Giver, Christ, the only Son,
By his dear cross and blood the victory won.
- 4 Offer'd was he for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim and himself the Priest.
- 5 Victims were offer'd by the law of old,
Which in a type celestial mysteries told.
- 6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives his holy grace his saints to aid.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER,

- 7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the pledges of salvation here.
- 8 He, that in this world rules his saints, and
shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;
- 9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger
whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
- 10 O Judge of all, our only Saviour thou,
In this thy feast of love be with us now.

384 *We will go into his tabernacles : we will* [C.M.
worship at his footstool.—Ps. cxxxii. 7.

- 1 O God, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thy footstool kneel.
- 2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, his precious blood.
- 4 Thus would we all thy words obey,
For we, O God, are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength divine.*

385 *This man receiveth sinners, and eateth* [10s.
with them.—Luke xv. 2.

- 1 Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from thy table fall,
A weary heavy-laden sinner comes,
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.
- 2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;

OR HOLY COMMUNION.

Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,—
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 One word from thee, my Lord, one smile, one
look,

And I could face the cold rough world again ;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

4 And is not mercy thy prerogative :

Free mercy,—boundless, fathomless, divine ?
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive !
And thine the greater glory, only thine.

5 I hear thy voice : thou bidst me come and rest.

I come, I kneel, I clasp thy piercèd feet ;
Thou bidst me take my place,—a welcome guest
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,

My prayer can only lose itself in thee :
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with thee : sup thou with me.†

386 *I will love him and will manifest myself* [10s.
to him.—John xiv. 21.]

1 HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face ;

Here faith can touch and handle things unseen ;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand thy grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;

Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but thine ; nor do I need

Another arm save thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness ;

Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood :
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER,

- 5 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is pass'd and
gone,
The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—
Nearer than ever—still my shield and sun.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above ;
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.*

387 *My flesh is meat indeed, my blood is* [9s. 8s.
drink indeed.—John vi. 55.

- 1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead ;
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

388 *Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my* [SIX 7s.
blood hath eternal life.—John vi. 54.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread ;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died.
- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
To thy cross we look and live ;
Jesu, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in thee.*

389 *Behold the Lamb of God.* [P.M.
John i. 36.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind.

OR HOLY COMMUNION.

Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee;
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

4 Lord, we would not hence depart
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give.
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace. Amen.

390

Thou preparest a table before me. [D. 9s. 7s.
Ps. xxiii. 5.]

1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below;
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER,

- O how sweet and comfortable
In the wilderness to see
Such provision, and a table
Spread for sinners,—yes, for me.
- 2 Symbols there of love receiving,
In thy feast of bread and wine,
Thankful, with a heart believing,
I behold the Saviour mine.
In that bruised body broken,
In the shedding of that blood,
What a gracious pledge and token,
Lord, I have for every good.
- 3 Come, my soul, temptation flying,
Arm thee for the strife within;
Jesus, thy Redeemer, dying,
Stamps an infamy on sin.
Yield, my heart, no longer harden'd,
Rouse thy every latent power;
Cleansed and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
Go in peace, and sin no more."

391 *He brought me to the banqueting house,* [S.M.
 and his banner over me was love.—
 Song ii. 4.

- 1 SWEET feast of love divine;
 'Tis grace that makes us free
 To feed upon this bread and wine,
 In memory, Lord, of thee.
- 2 Here every welcome guest
 Waits, Lord, from thee to learn
 The secrets of thy Father's breast,
 And all thy grace discern.
- 3 Here conscience ends its strife,
 And faith delights to prove
 The sweetness of the bread of life,
 The fulness of thy love.
- 4 The blood that flow'd for sin
 In symbol here we see,

OR HOLY COMMUNION.

And feel the blessèd pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

- 5 O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet;
- 6 To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear;
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare.*

392

*Ye do shew the Lord's death till he
come.—1 Cor. xi. 26.* [Six 7s.]

- 1 TILL he come—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till he come."
- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only till he come.
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper "Till he come."
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Sever'd only till he come.*

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER,

393 *We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image.—*
2 Cor. iii. 18. [8s.6s.8s.]

- 1 LORD, when before thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat,
On us thy blessing pour;
And make our inmost souls to be
An habitation meet for thee.
- 2 The body for our ransom given,
The blood in mercy shed,
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed;
And as we round thy table kneel,
Help us thy quickening grace to feel.
- 3 Be thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise,
As fragrant incense, to the skies.

394 *Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.—*John vi. 68. [7s.]

- 1 LORD, to whom except to thee
Shall our wandering spirits go;
Thee whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know?
- 2 Awful is that life of thine
Which the Spirit's breath inspires;
And the food must be divine
Which each new-born soul desires.
- 3 Israel on the heavenly seed
Fed and died in days of yore;
But the souls, that on thee feed,
Never thirst nor hunger more.
- 4 Lord, to whom except to thee
Shall we go when ills betide?

OR HOLY COMMUNION.

Who except thyself can be
Hope and help and strength and guide ?

5 Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
Hear the prayer, and seal the vow ;
Who can fill the void within,
Blessèd Saviour, who but thou ?

6 Therefore evermore I'll give
Laud and praise, my God, to thee ;
Evermore in thee I live,
Evermore live thou in me.*

395 *The Lord is my Shepherd.*—Ps. xxiii. 1. [P.M.]

1 THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth !

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

396 *It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh.* [C.M.
Song v. 2.

- 1 THE sun is set, the twilight's o'er,
The night-dews fall like rain :
A Prince stands at a suppliant's door,
And knocks, and knocks again.
- 2 I slumber ; but my heart is moved
With joy and holy fear :
"Is it thy footstep, O beloved,
Thy hand, thy voice, I hear ?"
- 3 "'Tis I, thy Lord, who stand and wait
Beneath the darkening sky :
Arise, unbar, unclosethe the gate,
Fear nothing ; it is I.
- 4 The bread of life is in my hand ;
The wine of heaven I bring :
Fulfil my tenderest last command :
Thy Bridegroom is thy King.
- 5 Eat, drink ; and muse in loving trust,
The while I sup with thee,
If this be heaven on earth, what must
My bridal banquet be."

397 *Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock.*—Ps. lxxx. 1. [10s.

- 1 O KING of mercy, from thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.
- 2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.
- 3 O gentle Saviour, by thy death we live ;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.
- 4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on thee we feed ;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.
- 5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.
- 6 O come and cheer us with thy heavenly grace,
Reveal the brightness of thy glorious face.

HOLY BAPTISM.

- 7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.
- 8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and Guide.
- 9 O lead us daily with thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above.

Holy Baptism.

"I ACKNOWLEDGE ONE BAPTISM FOR THE REMISSION OF SINS."

398 *As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.*—1 Sam. i. 28. [L.M.]

- 1 GOD of that glorious gift of grace
By which thy people seek thy face,
When in thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.
- 2 Confiding in thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure thou hast given,
To be received and rear'd for heaven.
- 3 Lent to us for a season, we
Lend *him* for ever, Lord, to thee;
Assured that, if to thee *he* live,
We gain in what we seem to give.
- 4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon *his* head;
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh, as these drops upon *his* face.
- 5 Make *him* and keep *him* thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefined;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above.*

399 *Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* [L.M.]
—Matt. xxviii. 19.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,

HOLY BAPTISM.

The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

- 2 Pour forth thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.^b

400 *That he may please him who hath chosen
him to be a soldier.—2 Tim. ii. 4.* [C.M.]

- 1 In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.
- 2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.
- 3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain.
- 4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high.
- 5 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own;
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.^c

401 *Suffer the little children to come unto me,
and forbid them not.—Mark x. 14.* [C.M.]

- 1 JESU, we lift our souls to thee;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
And let these little infants be
Baptized into thy death.
- 2 O let thine unction on them rest,
Thy grace their souls renew;
And write within their tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

HOLY BAPTISM.

- 3 Thy faithful servants let them prove
Girded with truth divine ;
Be sharers in thy dying love,
And followers of thine.
- 4 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove ;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.*

BAPTISM OF SUCH AS ARE OF RIPER YEARS.

402 *Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.*—Acts xxii. 16. [S.M.]

- 1 STAND, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.
- 2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away :
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouch'd to-day.
- 3 Our heavenly country now,
Our Lord and Master, thine,
Receive imprinted on thy brow
His passion's awful sign.
- 4 No more thine own, but Christ's,—
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enroll'd,—
- 5 In God's whole armour strong,
Front hell's embattled powers :
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.
- 6 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.*

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

403 *The blood of Jesus Christ his Son* [C.M.
 cleanseth us from all sin.—
 1 John i. 7.

- 1 For ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
 Wash me, and mine thou art:
 Wash me, but not my feet alone;
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

Catechism: Hymns for Children.

“STEADFAST IN FAITH, JOYFUL THROUGH HOPE,
AND ROOTED IN CHARITY.”

404 *The children crying in the temple, and* [C.M.
 saying, Hosanna to the Son of
 David.—Matt. xxi. 15.

- 1 HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
 To David's Son and Lord;
 With Cherubim and Seraphim
 Exalt the incarnate Word.
- 2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
 No lofty strains can raise:
 But thou wilt not despise the young,
 Who meekly chant thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
 How vast thy gifts, how free!
 Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast;
 Thy name, our only plea.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 4 Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be thine own.
- 5 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
O Saviour, if, redeem'd by thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.^c

AN INFANT'S MORNING HYMN.

- 405 *He shall cover thee with his feathers,
and under his wings shalt thou
trust.—Ps. xci. 4.* [C.M.]

- 1 THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.
- 2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesu, near thy side.
- 3 O make thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.^c

AN INFANT'S EVENING HYMN.

- 406 *He shall gather the lambs with his
arm, and carry them in his bosom.
—Isa. xl. 11.* [G. 7s.]

- 1 JESU, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

2 Through this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warm'd me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.^m

407 *God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.—Gal. iv. 6.* [L.M.]

- 1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend;
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?
- 2 Art thou my Father? canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?
- 3 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 4 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are pass'd,
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.*

408 *Jesus called a little child unto him.* [7s.
Matt. xviii. 2.]

- 1 GENTLE Jesu, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest Lord, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 3 Lamb of God, I look to thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.
- 4 Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.¹

409 *He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost.* [S.M.
Luke i. 15.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
O hear an infant's prayer:
Stoop down, and make my heart thy home,
And shed thy blessing there.
- 2 Thy light, thy love impart,
And let it ever be
A holy, humble, happy heart,
A dwelling-place for thee.
- 3 Let thy rich grace increase,
Through all my early days,
The fruits of righteousness and peace,
To thine eternal praise.²

410 *Who hath despised the day of small things?* [Gs. 5s.
Zech. iv. 10.

- 1 LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.
- 2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
- 3 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 4 So our little errors
 Lead the soul astray
 From the paths of virtue
 Into sin to stray.
- 5 Little seeds of mercy,
 Sown by youthful hands,
 Grow to bless the nations
 Far in heathen lands.
- 6 Little ones in glory
 Swell the angels' song:
 Make us meet, dear Saviour,
 For their holy throng.

411 *Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.* [6s. 8s.
 1 Sam. iii. 9.

- 1 WHEN little Samuel woke,
 And heard his Maker's voice,
 At every word he spoke
 How much did he rejoice!
O blessèd happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.
- 2 If God would speak to me,
 And say he was my friend,
 How happy I should be!
 O how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.
- 3 And does he never speak?
 O yes; for in his word
 He bids me come and seek
 The God that Samuel heard;
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.
- 4 And I beneath his care
 May safely rest my head;
 I know that God is there
 To guard my humble bed;
And every sin I well may fear
Since God Almighty is so near.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 5 Like Samuel let me say,
 Whene'er I read thy word,—
 Speak, Lord, I would obey
 The voice that I have heard.
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

412 *When thou liest down, thou shalt not be* [6s. 5a.
 afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and
 thy sleep shall be sweet.—Prov. iii. 24.

- 1 Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.
- 2 Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars their watches keep,
 Birds, and beasts, and flowers
 Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesu, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose;
 With thy tenderest blessing
 May mine eyelids close.
- 4 Grant to little children
 Visions bright of thee;
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea.
- 5 Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain;
 Those who plan some evil
 From their sin restrain.
- 6 Through the long night watches
 May thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless
 In thy holy eyes.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

413 *Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor.* [7s. 6s.
—2 Cor. viii. 9.

1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see him,
I know he hears my praise;
For he has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.*

414 *The child Jesus.*—Luke ii. 43. [8s. 7s. 7s.

1 ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for his bed:

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

- 2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle in a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 And, through all his wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.
- 4 For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.
- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crown'd
All in white shall wait around."

415 *They found the babe lying in a manger.* [L.M.
Luke ii. 16.

- 1 GIVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes;
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child so young and fair?
The blessèd Christ-child lieth there.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 2 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for thee.
- 3 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue,
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:
- 4 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man his Son hath given;
While angels sing with pious mirth,
A glad new year to all the earth.*

416 *Christ hath once suffered for sins, the
Just for the unjust, that he might bring
us to God.*—1 Pet. iii. 18. [L.M.]

- 1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good he used to be.
- 2 He went about, he was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, he told them too
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listen'd to a child.
- 4 But such a cruel death he died,
He was hung up and crucified:
And those kind hands that did such good,
'They nail'd them to a cross of wood.
- 5 And so he died: and this is why
He came to be a man and die;
'The Bible says he came from heaven,
That we might have our sins forgiven.
- 6 He knew how wicked man had been,
And knew that God must punish sin;

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

So out of pity Jesus said,
He'd bear the punishment instead.

- 7 Now God will pardon those who pray,
And strive from sin to turn away;
O may we early seek his face,
And share the riches of his grace.*

417 *Of such is the kingdom of God.* [P.M.
 Luke xviii. 16.

- 1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold;
I should like to have been with him then.
- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."
- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love,
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:
- 4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

418 *He shall grow up before him as a tender* [C.M.
 plant.—Isa. liii. 2.

- 1 WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd.

4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.

5 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.

6 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.^c

419 *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou [P.M.
hast perfected praise.—Matt. xxi. 16.*

1 WHEN, his salvation bringing.
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song;
Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son:
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No, while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.
 Hosanna to Jesus, our King!

420 *While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. v. 8.* [C.M.]

- 1 THERE is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
 What pains he had to bear,
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffer'd there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by his precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin,
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
 And we must love him too,
 And trust in his redeeming blood,
 And try his works to do.^c

421 *Jesus called a little child unto him.* [S. & C.]
 Matt. xviii. 2.

- 1 AND is it true, as I am told,
 That there are lambs within the fold
 Of God's beloved Son?
 That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
 Will in his arms most gently bear
 The helpless little one?
- 2 May I, a little straying lamb,
 Come now to Jesus as I am,
 Though goodness I have none?

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

May I be folded to his breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be his little one ?

- 3 Yes, he can do all this for me,
Who died for sinners on the tree,
In his great grief alone ;
For, having put their sins away,
He now rejoices day by day
To cleanse the little one.
- 4 Others there are who love me too :
But who with all their love could do
What Jesus Christ has done ?
Then, if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him and say,
Lord, keep thy little one.
- 5 Thus by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living waters run ;
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his
Who loves the little one.

FOR A SICK CHILD.

422

I will strengthen that which was sick.
Ezek. xxxiv. 16.

[7s.

- 1 JESUS loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so :
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but he is strong.
- 2 Jesus loves me. He, who died
Glory's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin :
Let his little one come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill :
From his shining throne on high,
He will watch me where I lie.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 4 Jesus loves me ; he will stay
Close beside me all the way,
And, when suffering days are past,
Take me to his home at last.¹

423 *Ye shall know the truth ; and the truth [6s. 5s.
shall make you free.—John viii. 32.*

- 1 JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High ;
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.
- 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.
- 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love ;
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.
- 4 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.
- 5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High ;
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry. Amen.

424 *Strait is the gate and narrow is the way [C.M.
which leadeth unto life.—Matt. vii. 14.*

- 1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd ;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will get to heaven at last.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread.
- 4 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.
- 5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.
- 6 Then I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old,
"The lambs, he'll gather with his arm,
And lead them to the fold."
- 7 Thus I may safely venture through
Beneath my Shepherd's care;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.^c

425 *Pray without ceasing.*—1 Thess. v. 17. [7s. 6s.]

- 1 Go, when the morning shineth;
Go, when the noon is bright;
Go, when the eve declineth;
Go, in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly cares away,
And in thy chamber kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

3 Or, if 'tis here denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
Even then the silent pleading
Of thy spirit raised above
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare;
The power that he has given us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness
His grace who gives thee all.*

426 *The first of the firstfruits of the land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God.—Exod. xxiii. 19.* [S.M.]

1 FAIR waved the golden corn,
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to his temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran—
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest he gives to man."

4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may thy children be.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.
- 6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve thy church below,
And join thy saints in heaven.*

427 *My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.* [7a.
Jer. iii. 4.

- 1 God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat ;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry ;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.
- 2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know ;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.
- 3 Jesu, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood divine ;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us thine.
- 4 When perplex'd in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be ;
When oppress'd with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but thee ?
- 5 Let us ever hear thy voice,
Ask thy counsel every day :
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul ;
Hope, till time shall be no more ;
Love, while endless ages roll.¹

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

- 428** *He blessed and brake, and gave the loaves [L.M.
to his disciples.—Matt. xiv. 19.*

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.*

- 429** *Every creature of God is good, if it be re- [L.M.
ceived with thanksgiving.—1 Tim. iv. 4.*

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
May manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL OPENING HYMN.

- 430** *Draw nigh to God; and he will draw nigh [S.M.
to you.—James iv. 8.*

- 1 WE come, Lord, to thy feet
On this thy holy day:
O come to us, while here we meet
To learn, and praise, and pray.
- 2 Our many sins forgive,
The Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.
- 3 Lord, fill our hearts with love,
Our teachers' labours own;
That we and they may meet above,
To sing before thy throne.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLOSING HYMN.

- 431** *Othe. fell into good ground, and brought [C.M.
forth fruit.—Matt. xiii. 8.*

- 1 O LORD, our hearts would give thee praise,
Ere now our school we end;
For this thy day, the best of days,
Jesu, the children's Friend.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

2 Lord, graft thy word in every heart,
Our souls from sin defend,
That we from thee may ne'er depart,
Jesus, the children's Friend.

3 Lord, bless our homes and give us grace,
Thy Sabbaths so to spend,
That we in heaven may find a place,
With thee, the children's Friend.

432

Learn of me, for I am meek.
Matt. xi. 29.

[7. 6. & G.]

1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one mark'd an angry word,
That ever heard him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

5 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to me:"
I would obey the call.

6 But oh, I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour, send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

433 *The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.—Luke ii. 40.* [C.M.]

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine:
- 5 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.^c

434 *I am the Good Shepherd.—John x. 11.* [11s.]

- 1 JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear:
Folded in his bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither he doth lead,
To the thirsty desert or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know his voice;
How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts
rejoice;
Even when he chideth, tender is its tone:
None but he shall guide us; we are his alone.
- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep he bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood he shed:

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

Then on each he setteth his own secret sign :
"They that have my Spirit, these," saith he,
"are mine."

- 4 Jesus is our Shepherd ; guarded by his arm,
Though the wolves may ravin, none can do us
harm :
When we tread death's valley, dark with fear-
ful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.
- 5 Jesus is our Shepherd ; with his goodness now
And his tender mercy he doth us endow.
Let us sing his praises with a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet him, never more to part.

435 *The earth is full of the goodness of the* [L.M.
 Lord.—Ps. xxxiii. 5.

- 1 YES, God is good ; in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
God made us all, and God is good.
- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say
In accents clear, that God is good.
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renew'd ;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, God is good.
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, God is good.
- 5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued ;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 6 For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord ;
But chiefly for our heavenly food ;
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word,
These prompt our song that God is good.^b

436 *O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name [C.M.
in all the earth !—Ps. viii. 9.*

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn my eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.
- 4 There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.
- 5 His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye :
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?^c

437 *O how I love thy law !—Ps. cxix. 97.*

[78.

- 1 HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine ;
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
Mine, to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine art thou to guide my feet ;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

Best of blessings he'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory he will guide us,
O how he loves !*

439

All are yours, and ye are Christ's. [7s. 6s
1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.

- 1 THERE's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky ;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name he bears.
- 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky :
For those who love the Saviour,
And Abba Father cry.
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.
- 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy ;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.
- 4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which he will then bestow
On those who found his favour,
And loved him here below.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing,
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship him as King.

6 There's a robe for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
A palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
O, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

440 *The eternal God is thy refuge, and
underneath are the everlasting
arms.—Deut. xxxiii. 27.* [7s. 6a.]

1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadow'd
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadow'd
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there;
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the arms, &c.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me,
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience—
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadow'd
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

441 *Lead me into the land of uprightness.* [11s.]
 Ps. cxliij. 10.

1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner, pointing to the
sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers to their home on
high!
Marching through the desert, gladly thus we
pray,
Still, with hearts united, singing on our way—
Brightly gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers to their home on
high!

2 Jesu, Lord and Master, at thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing, see thy children meet,
Often have we left thee, often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour, in the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

3 Pattern of our childhood, once thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy, pure, and meek, and
mild.
In the hour of danger whither can we flee,
Save to thee, dear Saviour, only unto thee ?
Brightly gleams, &c.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN:

- 4 All our days direct us in the way we go,
Lead us on victorious over every foe:
Bid thine angels shield us when the storm-clouds
lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us in the last dread
hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.
- 5 Then with saints and angels may we join above,
Offering prayers and praises at thy throne of
love;
When the march is over, then comes rest and
peace,
Jesus in his beauty, songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers to their home on
high.

442 *There shall be one fold and One Shepherd.* [P.M. John x. 16.]

- 1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
O, that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.
- 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And join with saints above.
O, that will be joyful, &c.
- 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer
From every Sunday school.
O, that will be joyful, &c.
- 4 Teachers, too, will meet above,
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O, that will be joyful, &c.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 5 O, how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on his throne.
O, that will be joyful, &c.
- 6 There we all shall sing for joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
O, that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

443

Over Jordan.—Joshua iii. 17.

[7s. 3s.

- 1 O, THEY'VE reach'd the sunny shore
Over there;
They will never hunger more;
All their pain and grief is o'er
Over there.
- 2 O, they need no lamp at night
Over there;
For their day is always bright,
And their Saviour is their light
Over there.
- 3 O, the streets are shining gold
Over there;
And the glory is untold;
'Tis our Saviour's blessèd fold
Over there.
- 4 O, they feel no chilling blast
Over there;
For their winter time is past,
And the summers always last
Over there.
- 5 O, they've done the weary fight
Over there;
Jesus saved them by his might;
And they walk with him in white
Over there.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 6 O, they never shed a tear
Over there;
For their Lord is always near,
And with him is endless cheer
Over there.
- 7 O, we'll join the happy band
Over there;
But we wait our Lord's command,
Till we see his beckoning hand
Over there.

444 *A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal.*—Rev. xxii. 1. [P.M.]

- 1 SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.
- 2 On the margin of the river,
Guided by our Shepherd King,
We will walk and worship ever,
His dear footsteps following.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.
- 3 There beside the tranquil river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Happy hearts, no more to sever,
Sing of glory and of grace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.
- 4 But before we gain the river
Lay we every burden down;
Jesu, here from sin deliver
Those whom there thy grace will crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 5 Soon we'll reach the crystal river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our golden harpstrings quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

445 *They have washed their robes, and made [P.M.]
them white in the blood of the Lamb.*
—Rev. vii. 14.

- 1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one array'd:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory?
- 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that precious purple flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb:
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

CATECHISM: HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

- 6 And is that fountain flowing yet?
Bless'd Saviour, lead us there;
That we those happy ones may meet,
And in their praises share,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

446 *We are journeying unto the place of which [P.M.
the Lord said, I will give it you: come
thou with us.—Num. x. 29.*

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

447 *They desire a better country.—Heb. xi. 16. [P.M.*

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd;
But what must it be to be there?

CONFIRMATION.

- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?
- 4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
But what must it be to be there?
- 5 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the First-born above;
But what must it be to be there?
- 6 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Confirmation.

"LET THY FATHERLY HAND, WE BESEECH THEE,
EVER BE OVER THEM."

448 *Thou hast avouched the Lord this day* [Six 8s.
to be thy God.—Deut. xxvi. 17.

- 1 LORD, shall thy children come to thee?
A boon of love divine we seek:
Brought to thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to thee to-day.
- 2 Lord, shall we come? and come again,
Oft as we see yon table spread,
And, tokens of thy dying pain,
The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?

CONFIRMATION.

Bless, bless, O Lord, thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find thee there.

- 3 Lord, shall we come? not thus alone,
At holy time, or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.
- 4 Lord, shall we come? come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more:
To come, not now alone;—but then
When life, and death, and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by thee.^s

449 *My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is* [L.M.
fixed.—Ps. lvii. 7.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
O who with earth would grudge to part,
When call'd with angels to be bless'd?
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.^b

450 *I am not ashamed, for I know whom I* [L.M.
have believed.—2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

CONFIRMATION.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus,—of that Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus? Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my portion be,
That Saviour not ashamed of me.*

451 *If any man serve me, let him follow me; [7s. 6a.
and where I am, there shall also my
servant be.—John xii. 26.*

- 1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my Guide.
- 2 O let me feel thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.
- 3 O let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control;

CONFIRMATION.

- O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.
- 4 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.
- 5 O let me see thy footmarks
And in them plant mine own:
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.*

452 *I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God.*—Phil. iii. 14. [C.M.]

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.*

MATRIMONY.

[To be sung after the benedictory prayer, "Defend, O Lord, this thy servant with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine for ever," &c.]

453 *I am thine : save me.*—Ps. cxix. 94. [C.M.]

- 1 "THINE—thine for ever"—blessèd bond
That knits us, Lord, to thee :
May voice, and heart, and soul respond
Amen, so let it be.
- 2 When this world strikes its dulcet harp,
And earth our heaven appears,
Be "Thine for ever," clear and sharp,
God's trumpet in our ears.
- 3 When sin in pleasure's soft disguise
Would work us deadliest harm,
May "Thine for ever" from the skies
Steal down, and break the charm.
- 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts
Against our weary shield,
May "Thine for ever" in our hearts
Forbid us faint or yield.
- 5 Thine all along the flowery spring,
Along the summer prime,
Till autumn fades in welcoming
The silver frost of time.
- 6 "Thine, thine for ever,"—body, soul,
Henceforth devote to thee,
While everlasting ages roll :
Amen, so let it be."

Matrimony.

"WHICH HOLY ESTATE CHRIST ADORNED AND
BEAUTIFIED WITH HIS PRESENCE."

454 *God blessed them.*—Gen. i. 28. [7s. 6a.]

- 1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not pass'd away.

MATRIMONY.

- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said :
- 3 For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.
- 4 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.
- 5 Be present, gracious Saviour,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands.
- 6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel ;
As thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.
- 7 O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to thine altar
The hallow'd path they trace,
- 8 To cast their crowns before thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise.*

455 *Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him.—Ps. xxxvii. 7.* [P.M.]

- 1 REST in the Lord—from harps above
The music seems to thrill—
Rest in his everlasting love,
Rest and be still.
- 2 Rest thou, who claimest for thine own
Thy chosen bride to-day,

MATRIMONY.

Affianced in his faith alone
Thy bride for aye.

3 And thou, whose trustful hand is given
Avouching here thy spouse,
Rest, for a Father seals in heaven
His children's vows.

4 Rest ye, who cluster round them both
To mingle praise and prayers;
Your God affirms the plighted troth,
Your God and theirs.

5 Rest, for the Heavenly Bridegroom here
Is standing by your side,
And in this union draws more near
His mystic bride.

6 Rest in the Lord—thrice Holy Dove,
In us thy word fulfil—
Rest in his everlasting love,
Rest and be still."

[To be sung after the blessing, "Almighty God, who at the beginning did create our first parents," &c.]

456 *Being heirs together of the grace of life.* [TEN 7s.
1 Pet. iii. 7.]

1 ERE the words of peace and love
Breathed on earth are borne above,
While their echo, soft and clear,
Lingers on the trancèd ear,—
Catch upon your lips the strain,
Swell the notes of prayer again,
Prayer with benedictions fraught,
Passing words and passing thought:
Co-eternal Three in One,
Seal the nuptial benison.

2 Blessings from the earth beneath,
Fruits and flowers in woven wreath;
Balmy dews that heaven distils
On the everlasting hills;
Angel wings, a guard of light
O'er the peaceful home by night;

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

Angels' steps to tend the way
Onward, heavenward, day by day :
Co-eternal Three in One,
Seal the nuptial benison.

- 3 Hear our prayer: this union be
Ratified, O God, by thee ;
This another link entwined
Hearts and homes and heaven to bind
In that mystic chain of love,
Holding us, but held above ;
Knitting all that world to this,
Eden's bloom to glory's bliss :
Co-eternal Three in One,
Seal the nuptial benison.

- 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Blessedness is blessing thee ;
While we pour in chant and hymn
Full hearts, flowing o'er the brim,—
Water by thy power benign
Blushing as celestial wine,—
Till within the golden gates,
Where the Lamb his bridal waits,
We with all the white-robed throngs
Sing the heavenly Song of Songs.¹

The Visitation of the Sick.

“ O SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, WHO BY THY CROSS AND
PRECIOUS BLOOD HAST REDEEMED US, SAVE US AND
HELP US, WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE, O LORD.”

457 *I cried unto God with my voice, and he [L.M.
gave ear unto me.—Ps. lxxvii. 1.*

- 1 God of my life, to thee I call ;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall :
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?—

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.*

458 *I shall be satisfied when I awake with
thy likeness.—Ps. xvii. 15.* [L.M.]

- 1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in rightecusness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 3 O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.*

459 *My meditation of him shall be sweet.* [C.M.]
Ps. civ. 34.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

- 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away :
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above :
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own :
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid :
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day
His Spirit's quickening breath :
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his :
- 7 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee ? ^c

460

Lord, thou knowest all things.
John xxi. 17.

[11s. 10s.]

- 1 THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest ;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confess'd ;

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

- We come before thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet: thou knowest, Lord.
- 2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer
stray'd;
How the good Shepherd follow'd, and how
kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid;
And heal'd the bleeding wounds, and sooth'd the
pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength
again.
- 3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assign'd of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanish'd smiles and voices gone.
- 4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be cross'd at last.
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path; but this, thou knowest,
Lord.
- 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness thou hast
proved:
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, thou hast wept, and thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.
- 6 Therefore we come, thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refresh'd we leave thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

461 *Thou art my hiding place.*—Ps. xxxii. 7. [D.C.M.]

- 1 THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,
 In thee I put my trust,
 Encouraged by thy holy word,
 A feeble child of dust.
 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea,
 And 'tis enough my Saviour died,
 My Saviour died for me.
- 2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
 And furious foes assail,
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,
 My hope within the veil.
 From strife of tongues and bitter words
 My spirit flies to thee:
 Joy to my heart the thought affords,
 My Saviour died for me.
- 3 Mid trials, heavy to be borne,
 When mortal strength is vain,
 A heart with grief and anguish torn,
 A body rack'd with pain,—
 Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
 Bid every murmur flee,
 But this, the witness in my breast,
 My Saviour died for me.
- 4 And when thine awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
 And life in its last lingering sands
 Is ebbing fast away,—
 Then, though it be in accents weak,
 And faint and tremblingly,
 O give me strength in death to speak,
 My Saviour died for me.^d

462 *The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*—Eph. iii. 19. [7s. 6s.]

- 1 TELL me the old, old story,
 Of unseen things above,

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

- Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in:
That wonderful redemption.
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has pass'd away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

463 *The Lord will be with thee: he will* [Six 8s
 not fail thee.—Deut. xxxi. 8.

- .1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies;
Still he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And O, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.*

464 *There the wicked cease from troubling, [104TH M.
and there the weary be at rest.—
Job iii. 17.*

- 1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit,—the worst that can
come
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below ;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus his breast.
- 4 Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy ;
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy ;
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.
- 5 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
A home with my God will make up for it all.
- 6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land ;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I smooth it with hope, and I cheer it with
song.^a

465 *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow [8s. 4s.
me all the days of my life ; and I
shall dwell in the house of the Lord
for ever.—Ps. xxiii. 6.*

- 1 My God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.
- 2 I thank thee too that thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.
- 3 I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touch'd with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
That thorns remain ;

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more :
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest,—
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast.

466 *My soul is even as a weaned child.* [P.M.
Ps. cxxxi. 2.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
But I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro.

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.
- 5 So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life.
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.
- 6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be;
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful,—not to serve thee much,—
But to please thee perfectly.
- 7 There are briars besetting every path
That call for patient care,
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee
Is happy anywhere.
- 8 In a service which thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

467

Make thy way straight before my face.

[6s,

Ps. v. 8.

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be:

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might ;
Choose thou for me, my God ;
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine : so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem ;
Choose thou my good and ill.

6 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

468 *Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not afraid.* [8s. 6.
Matt. xiv. 27.

1 Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear ?—
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

2 'Tis I, who wash'd thy spirit white ;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight ;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light :
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

- 3 These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on me :
They bear no breath of wrath to thee :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.
- 4 This bitter cup, I drank it first ;
To thee it is no draught accurst ;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.
- 5 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.
- 6 When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, mid thousand welcomes sweet
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.²

469 *Casting all your care upon him, for he* [8.8.6.
 careth for you.—1 Pet. v. 7.

- 1 O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.
- 2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms !
- 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lighten'd cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famish'd raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.
- 4 We cannot trust him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

- 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
Even in affliction, peace.

470 *I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless* [P.M.
I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth
in me.—Gal. ii. 20.

- 1 O, THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answer'd,
"All of self, and none of thee."
- 2 Yet he found me ; I beheld him
Bleeding on th' accursèd tree,
Heard him pray : "Forgive them, Father"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self and some of thee."
- 3 Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd,
"Less of self, and more of thee."
- 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last hath conquer'd ;
Grant me now my soul's petition,
"None of self, and all of thee."

471 *The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.* [Six 10s.
Lam. iii. 24.

- 1 LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home,

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

At last I'sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come:
With him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

- 2 The good I have is from his stores supplied;
The ill is only what he deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without him, though of all possess'd
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content, while I am his, while he is mine.
- 3 Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen;
A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines:
All may depart, I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.
- 4 While here, alas, I know but half his love,
But half discern him, and but half adore;
But when I meet him in the realms above
I hope to love him better, praise him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am his, and he is mine.

472 *To hoar hairs will I carry you.* [7s. 6s.
Isa. xlvi. 4.

- 1 I'm kneeling at the threshold, aweary, faint, and
sore;
I'm waiting for the dawning, for the opening of
the door;
I'm waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and
come
To the glory of his presence, the gladness of his
home.
- 2 A weary path I've travell'd 'mid darkness, storm,
and strife,
Bearing many a burden, contending for my
life;

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon
be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is at the
door.

- 3 Methinks I hear the voices of the blessèd, as they
stand,
Sweet singing in the sunshine of the unclouded
land;
Oh! would that I were with them, amid the
shining throng,
Uniting in their worship, rejoicing in their song!
- 4 The friends that started with me have enter'd
long ago;
Ah! one by one they left me to struggle with the
foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner
won;
How lovingly they'll hail me, when my work too
is done.

- 5 With them the blessèd angels that know no grief
or sin,
I see them at the portals, prepared to let me in;
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure, thy time and way
are best,
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; my Father
bid me rest."

473 *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.* [C.M.
Phil. i. 21.

- 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
- 2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before,
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see:

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be !

- 4 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 5 My knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.^c

474 *Water of life, clear as crystal.*
Rev. xxii. 1.

[C.M.]

- 1 THERE is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne
And from the Lamb, a living stream
Clear as the crystal stone.
- 2 This stream doth water Paradise ;
It makes the angels sing ;
One precious drop revives my heart ;
Hence all my joys do spring.
- 3 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too ;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.
- 4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.
- 5 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love ;
But oh, for eagle wings to rise,
And dwell with thee above !
- 6 Then would I flee, like Noah's dove,
Leaving this world of sin ;
Then should my Lord put forth his hand.
And kindly take me in.^c

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

475 *Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.*—Phil. i. 23. [P.M.]

- 1 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight?
- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, &c.
- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts, &c.
- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, &c.
- 5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, &c.
- 6 Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,
O, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

476 *They desired him, saying, Sir, we would* [11s. 10s.
see Jesus.—John xii. 21.

- 1 We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.
- 2 We would see Jesus; for life's hand hath
rested
With its dark touch upon both heart and
brow;
And though our souls have many a billow
breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.
- 3 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace,
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see his face.
- 4 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.
- 5 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its
fingers;
Our love to thee makes not this love less
strong.
- 6 We would see Jesus: sense is all too blinding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away:
We would see thee, thyself our hearts reminding
What thou hast suffer'd our great debt to pay.
- 7 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the
sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

477 *They saw no man any more, save Jesus only.—Mark ix. 8.* [8s. 6.]

1 O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And thy exceeding love.

2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er:
The love unbought is all thine own
And lasts for evermore.*

Communion of the Sick.

478 *Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.* [P.M.]
Mark ix. 24.

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of sin, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh;
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

THE ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

- 4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace:
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

The Order for the Burial of the Dead.

"GRANT THAT THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH WE MAY PASS TO OUR JOYFUL RESURRECTION."

479 *Ye sorrow not even as others which have* [P.M.
no hope.—1 Thess. iv. 13.

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;

Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,

And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;

But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,

And the sound which thou heardest was the seraphim's song.

THE ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not
deplore thee,

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
and guide;

He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore
thee;

And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

480 *I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, [6s.
Write, Blessed are the dead which die in
the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.*

1 HUSH! blessèd are the dead

In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on his breast.

2 O beatific sight!

No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

3 For them the wild is past

With all its toil and care;
Its withering midnight blast,
Its fiery noonday glare.

4 Them the Good Shepherd leads,

Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads
Beside the Fount of Life.

5 Ours only are the tears,

Who weep around their tomb
The light of bygone years
And shadowing years to come.

6 Their voice, their touch, their smile,—

Those love-springs flowing o'er,—
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

7 O tender hearts and true,

Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

THE ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

8 But soon at break of day
His calm Almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake,—arise,—rejoice.

481 *The spirit shall return unto God who gave* [P.M.
it.—Eccles. xii. 7.

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fears released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 2 The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load ;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode ;
Thou art sleeping now like Lazarus
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail ;
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 4 "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now.
And we seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

THE ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

- 5 And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

482 *Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou [P.M.
hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.
—Ps. xxxi. 5.*

- 1 Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.
- 2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in thy, &c.
- 3 There the angels bear on high
Many a stray'd and wounded lamb,
Peacefully at last to lie
In the breast of Abraham.
Father, in thy, &c.
- 4 There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At his feet in Paradise.
Father, in thy, &c.
- 5 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well
He who died for their release.
Father, in thy, &c.

THE ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

- 6 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust ;"
Calmly now the words we say ;
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust,
Till the resurrection day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

483 *He shall enter into peace.*—Isa. lvii. 2. [L.M.]

- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene !
2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.
3 There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh
In language that no tongue can speak.
4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.
5 O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,
Impress thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with thee.^b

484 *I will comfort them, and make them
rejoice from their sorrow.*—
Jer. xxxi. 13. [11s. 6s.]

- 1 A VOICE is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love ;
But he is gone where the redeem'd are keeping
A festival above.
2 The mourners throng the way, and from the
steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow ;

THE ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro ;

3 And saying, as they meet, Rejoice ! another,
Long waited for, is come :

The Saviour's heart is glad : a younger brother
Hath reach'd the Father's home.

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

485 *He shall gather the lambs with his arm, [P.M.
and carry them in his bosom.—
Isa. xl. 11.*

1 GENTLE Shepherd, thou hast still'd
Now thy little lamb's long weeping :
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping ;
And no sign of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it ;
'To the sunny heavenly plain
Dost thou now with joy receive it :
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving ;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

486 *So he bringeth them unto their desired [6s. 8s.
haven.—Ps. cvii. 30.*

1 SAFE home, safe home in port :
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck :—
But oh, the joy upon the shore
'To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

2 The prize, the prize secure :
The wrestler nearly fell :

THE ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

- Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well :—
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.
- 3 No more the foe can harm :
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp :—
And yet how nearly had he fail'd—
How nearly had that foe prevail'd !
- 4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd :
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end :—
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.
- 5 The exile is at home :
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins and doubts and fears !
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away ?
- 6 O happy, happy bride,
Thy widow'd hours are past ;
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all his own at last ;
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallow'd up."

487 *Well done, good and faithful servant : [D.S.M.
enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.
—Matt. xxv. 21.*

- 1 "SERVANT of God, well done ;
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear ;

COMMINATION SERVICE.

A mortal arrow pierced his frame :
He fell, but felt no fear.

- 2 At midnight came the cry,
To meet thy God prepare :
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,—
His spirit with a bound
Burst its encumbering clay :
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.

- 3 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done :
Praise be thy new employ ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.^f

Communion Service.

“RECEIVE AND COMFORT US, WHO ARE GRIEVED AND
WEARIED WITH THE BURDEN OF OUR SINS.”

488 *Let them say, Spare thy people, O [THREE 7s.
Lord ; and give not thine heri-
tage to reproach.—Joel ii. 17.*

- 1 LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

COMMUNION SERVICE.

- 5 By thy tears of bitter woe,
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.
- 6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath thy wings a place.
- 7 On thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardon'd round thy throne.

489

*Out of the depths have I cried unto
thee, O Lord.—Ps. cxxx. 1.*

[7s. 5

- 1 THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesu, hear my cry.
- 2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to thee mine eye.
- 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
To thy cross I fly.
- 4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found
Heard the voice of mercy sound,
Surely so may I.
- 5 There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesu, save me from despair,
Save me, or I die.
- 6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesu, be thou nigh.'

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

“VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.”

490,

Serve the Lord with gladness.

[L.M.]

Ps. c. 2.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed ;
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless his name always ;
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? The Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood ;
And shall from age to age endure.^b

491

Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation, &c.—Ps. xcv. 1-7.

[L.M.

- 1 O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King,
And high our grateful voices raise,
As our Salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.^a

492 *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from ever- [L.M.
lasting to everlasting.—Ps. cvi. 48.*

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from his judgments fear to stray,
Who know and love his perfect will,
And all his righteous laws fulfil.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.^a

493 *O praise ye the Lord, all ye nations. [L.M.
Ps. cxvii. 1.*

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.^a

494 *And again they said, Alleluia. [P.M.
Rev. xix. 3.*

- 1 SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven : in sweet notes raise
An endless Alleluia !

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 Ye next who stand before the eternal light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia!
- 3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia!
- 4 In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia!
- 5 Ye who have gain'd at length your palms in
bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this—
An endless Alleluia!
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your
King—
An endless Alleluia!
- 7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back:
This is the food and drink which none shall
lack:
An endless Alleluia!
- 8 While thee, by whom were all things made, we
praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia!
- 9 Almighty Christ, to thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore: to thee we bring
An endless Alleluia! Amen.

495 *While I live will I praise the Lord.* [Six 8s.
Ps. cxlvi. 2.]

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.*

496 *The heavens declare the glory of God.* [D.L.M] Ps. xix. 1.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty Hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE. "

- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

497 *My cup runneth over.*—Ps. xxiii. 5. [C.M.]

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.^c

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

498 *I heard the voice of many angels round* [C.M.
about the throne.—Rev. v. 11.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 “Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus;”
“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“For he was slain for us.”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine :
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.*

499 *He is Lord of lords, and King of kings.* [C.M.
Rev. xvii. 14.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him, Lord of all.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him, Lord of all.^c

500 *My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.* [P.M.
Ps. xiii. 5.

- 1 SALVATION, O the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever !
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
Glory, honour, &c.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever !
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

501 *What shall I render to the Lord for all his* [C.M.
benefits toward me ?—Ps. cxvi. 12, 13.

- 1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth ?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast ;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.*

502 *My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.* [C.M.
Luke i. 47.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
And sets the prisoner free :
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 4 He speaks ; and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy !
- 6 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.*

503

I will bless the Lord at all times.

[C.M.]

Ps. xxxiv. 1.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I call'd
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.*

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

504 *They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.—* [S.M.
Rev. xv. 3.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way;
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing,
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come:"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.*

505 *Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever.—Neh. ix. 5.* [S.M.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice:
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.*

506 *Serve the Lord with gladness : come before [S.M.
his presence with singing.—Ps. c. 2.*

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.*

507 *Bless the Lord, O my soul.—Ps. ciii. 1. [S.M.*

- 1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

508 *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—Ps. ciii. 2.* [D.S.M.]

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim,
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.
O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind,
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 2 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

- 3 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigour of thy youth.
Then bless his holy name.
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

509 *I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord.*—Isa. lxiii. 7. [L.M.]

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, oh how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, oh how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy clond,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But, though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

- 7 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.*

510 *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.* [D. 8s. 7s.
1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me, Lord, the rapturous measures
Sung by flaming hosts above;
Bid me tell the countless treasures
Of my God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace break every fetter
That withholds my heart from thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love:
Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.^a

511 *Be strong and of a good courage.*—Josh. i. 9. [S.M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of Love Divine,
Bid every string awake.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at his control;
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.
- 5 Wait till the shadows flee;
 Wait thy appointed hour,
 Wait till the bridegroom of thy soul
 Reveals his sovereign power.
- 6 Tarry his leisure then,
 Although he seem to stay,
 A moment's intercourse with him
 Thy grief will overpay.
- 7 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on thee!
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.*

512 *And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord. — Luke i. 46.* [7s.]

- 1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
 Christ, the Lord our righteousness;
 Let our praise to him be given,
 High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Son of God, to thee we bow:
 Thou art Lord, and only thou;
 Thou the blessèd Virgin's Seed,
 Glory of thy church, and Head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
 Thee we praise, our Priest and King;

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought to set thy people free;
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
- 5 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more:
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above.¹

513 *The morning stars sang together, and all
 the sons of God shouted for joy.—Job
 xxxviii. 7.* [7a.]

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
'Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.¹

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

514 *His mercy endureth for ever.*—Ps. cxxxvi. 1. [7s.

- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God,
For his, &c.
- 3 O let us his praises tell,
Who doth wrathful tyrants quell,
For his, &c.
- 4 Who with miracles doth make
Heaven and earth amazed to shake,
For his, &c.
- 5 He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light,
For his, &c.
- 6 Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run,
For his, &c.
- 7 And the moon to shine by night,
'Mong her spangled sisters bright,
For his, &c.
- 8 He, with thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first of Egypt's land,
For his, &c.
- 9 And, despite of Pharaoh fell,
Brought from thence his Israel,
For his, &c.
- 10 All things living he doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need ;
For his, &c.
- 11 Let us, therefore, warble forth
His great majesty and worth ;
For his, &c.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 12 Who his mansion hath on high
Passing reach of mortal eye;
For his mercies aye endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.¹

515 *All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord: [D. 7s.
and thy saints shall bless thee.—
Ps. cxlv. 10.*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore.

- 2 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace,
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son:
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore.¹

516 *Of him and through him and to him are [6s. 8s.
all things: to whom be glory for ever.
Amen.—Rom. xi. 36.*

- 1 We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here
And better hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores."

517 *Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, [6s. 8s.
Rejoice.—Phil. iv. 4.*

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore.
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice."

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

518 *God hath given him a name which is above [6s. 8s.
every name.—Phil. ii. 9.*

- 1 Join all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 To this dear Surety's hand
 Will I commit my cause ;
 He answers and fulfils
 His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set :
My Surety paid the dreadful debt
- 4 Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne
- 5 Divine almighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace, I sing :
Thine is the power : behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.
- 6 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown :
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

519 *Praise ye the Lord from the heavens, &c.* [6s. 4s.
Ps. cxlviii. 1—6.

- 1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.
- 4 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey :
His glorious sway
The sky transcends."

520 *O Lord, my God, thou art very great : [104TH M.
thou art clothed with honour and
majesty.—Ps. civ. 1.*

- 1 O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above ;
O gratefully sing his power and his love ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light; whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.
- 6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall hsp to thy praise.^a

521 *Blessed be the name of the Lord from [104TH M.
this time forth for evermore.—*

Ps. cxiii. 2.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name.
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have.
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son.
Our Jesus his praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.:

- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right;
All glory, and power, all wisdom, and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.^a

522 *Praise our God, all ye his servants, and [8s. 7s. 4s.]
ye that fear him, both small and great.
—Rev. xix. 5.*

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee his praise shall sing?
Praise him, praise him,
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise him, praise him,
Glorious in his faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise him, praise him,
Widely as his mercy flows.
- 4 Angels, help us to adore him,
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise him, praise him,
Praise with us the God of grace.^o

523 *There is none other name under heaven [SIX 8s. 7s.]
given among men, whereby we must
be saved.—Acts iv. 12.*

- 1 To the name of our salvation
Honour, worship, laud we pay;

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay :
But to every tongue and nation
Saints proclaim aloud to-day.

- 2 Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Name beyond what words can tell ;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Ear and heart delighting well :
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.
- 3 'Tis the name for adoration,
'Tis the name of victory,
'Tis the name for meditation
In the vale of misery,
'Tis the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.
- 4 'Tis the name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear ;
Who in prayer this name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near :
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesses here.
- 5 'Tis the name by right exalted.
Over every other name ;
That when we are sore assaulted,
Puts our enemies to shame ;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.
- 6 Jesu, we thy name adoring
Long to see thee as thou art ;
Of thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter upward soaring
We with angels may have part.*

524 *Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.* [D. 8s. 7s.
Ps. cxlviii. 1.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ; ye heavens, adore him ;
Praise him, angels, in the height ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Sun and moon rejoice before him ;
 Praise him, all ye stars and light.
 Praise the Lord ; for he hath spoken,
 Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
 Laws, which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.

- 2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 God hath made his saints victorious ;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth and all creation,
 Laud and magnify his name."

525 *He shall be as the tender grass springing [7s. 6s.
 out of the earth by clear shining after
 rain.—2 Sam. xxiii. 4*

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord who rises
 With healing in his wings,
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new ;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,—
 Even let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may :
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
 But he will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too :

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And he, who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.*

526 *This is my name for ever, and this is my memorial unto all generations.—Exod. iii. 15.* [P.M.]

- 1 THE God of Abra'am praise,
Who reigns enthroned above :
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd :—
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abra'am praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 He by himself hath sworn ;
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend ;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

- 4 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command ;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view ;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.
- 5 The God, who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And " Holy, Holy, Holy " cry,
Almighty King ;
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be :
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship thee.
- 6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high ;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry.
Hail, Abra'am's God, and mine,
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise. Amen.

527

Christ is all and in all.
Col. iii. 11.

[P.M.]

- 1 How bright appears the morning star,
With mercy beaming from afar ;
The host of heaven rejoices ;
O righteous branch, O Jesse's rod,
Thou Son of man, and Son of God,
We too will lift our voices.
Jesu, Jesu,
Holy, holy, yet most lowly,
Draw thou near us :
Great Emmanuel, stoop and hear us.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 Though circled by the hosts on high,
 He deign'd to cast a pitying eye
 Upon his helpless creature ;
 The whole creation's Head and Lord,
 By highest seraphim adored,
 Assumed our very nature.
 Jesu, grant us,
 Through thy merit to inherit
 Thy salvation :
 Hear, O hear our supplication.
- 3 Then will we to the world make known
 The love thou hast to outcasts shown
 In calling them before thee ;
 And seek each day to be more meet
 To join the throng, who at thy feet
 Unceasingly adore thee.
 Living, dying,
 From thy praises, mighty Jesus,
 Shrink we never ;
 Sing we forth thy name for ever.
- 4 Rejoice, ye heavens ; thou, earth, reply :
 With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
 For this his incarnation.
 Incarnate God, put forth thy power,
 Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
 Till all know thy salvation.
 Amen, amen :
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 Praise be given
 Evermore by earth and heaven. Amen.

528 *I heard a great voice of much people in* [P.M.
heaven, saying, Alleluia.—Rev. xix. 1.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,	Alleluia !
To the glory of their King	
Shall the ransom'd people sing,	Alleluia !
And the choirs that dwell on high	
Shall re-echo through the sky,	Alleluia !

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessèd ones, repeat through that bright home,
Alleluia!

The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say, Alleluia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow;
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing, Alleluia!

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say, Alleluia!
Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again, Alleluia!
Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
Alleluia!

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry, Alleluia!
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply, Alleluia!
To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid; Alleluia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of all
things loves: Alleluia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
Himself approves: Alleluia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
Alleluia!
And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia!

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF PRAISE.

The cross meanwhile we bear,

The crown ere long to wear.

Hallelujah !

Thy reign extend world without end,

Let praise from all to thee ascend. Amen.

530 *Hallelujah ! Praise God in his sanctuary : [8s. 7a.
praise him in the firmament of his
power.—Ps. cl. 1.*

- 1 ALLELUIA ! Song of gladness,
Voice of everlasting joy :
Alleluia ! Sound the sweetest
Heard among the choirs on high,
Hymning in God's blissful mansion
Day and night incessantly.
- 2 Alleluia ! Church victorious,
Thou may'st lift the joyful strain.
Alleluia ! Songs of triumph
Well befit the ransom'd train.
Faint and feeble are our praises
While in exile we remain.
- 3 Alleluia ! Songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn.
Alleluia ! Sounds of sadness
'Midst our joyful strains are borne ;
For in this dark world of sorrow
We with tears our sins must mourn.
- 4 Praises with our prayers uniting,
Hear us, blessèd Trinity ;
Bring us to thy blissful presence,
There the Paschal Lamb to see,
There to thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

For those that travel by Land or by Water.

"THAT IT MAY PLEASE THEE TO PRESERVE ALL
THAT TRAVEL BY LAND OR BY WATER;
WE BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US, GOOD LORD."

531 *I will keep thee in all places whither thou* [C.M.
goest.—Gen. xxviii. 15.

- 1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord;
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help, omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on thee.
- 4 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 6 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 7 My life, while thou preserv'st my life.
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.^c

FOR THOSE THAT TRAVEL BY LAND OR WATER.

HYMN TO BE USED AT SEA.

532 *O God of our salvation, who art the confidence of them that are afar off upon the sea—Ps. lxxv. 5.* [L.M.]

- 1 ALMIGHTY FATHER, hear our cry,
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;
Be thou our haven always nigh,
On homeless waters thou our home.
- 2 O Jesu, Saviour, at whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid thou the mourner's heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.
- 3 O Holy Ghost, beneath whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, thy quickening might.
- 4 Great God, Triune Jehovah, thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.^b

533 *These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.—Ps. cvii. 24.* [SIX 8s.]

- 1 ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,

FOR THOSE THAT TRAVEL BY LAND OR WATER.

Who bad'st its angry tumult cease
And gavest light, and life, and peace ;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea."

534 *Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not afraid.* [P.M
Matt. xiv. 27.

- 1 FIERCE was the wild billow ;
Dark was the night ;
Oars labour'd heavily ;
Foam glimmer'd white ;
Trembled the mariners ;
Peril was high ;
Then said the God of God,
" Peace : it is I."
- 2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest :
Wail of the tempest wind,
Be thou at rest.
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
When saith the Light of Light,
" Peace : it is I."
- 3 Jesu, Deliverer,
Come thou to me ;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea ;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
" Peace : it is I."

FOR THOSE THAT TRAVEL BY LAND OR WATER.

535 *And he arose and rebuked the wind, and* [8s. 3.
said unto the sea, Peace, be still.—
Mark iv. 39.

- 1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.
- 2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."
- 3 The wild winds hush'd; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.
- 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore.
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

536 *The Lord of peace himself give you peace* [6.6.8.4.
always by all means.—2 Thess. iii. 16.

- 1 WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.
- 2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.
- 3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and thine above,
With them shall dwell.
- 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on thee;
That thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

ORDINATION OR VISITATION.

- 5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.
- 6 Farewell: in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till he whose home is ours above
Unite us there.

Ordination or Visitation.

“VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.”

537

*He breathed on them, and saith unto
them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.
—John xx. 22.*

[P.M.]

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but One,

That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;

Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

ORDINATION OR VISITATION.

538 *Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.—Acts i. 8.* [L.M.]

- 1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high,
Lord, thine assembled servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love ;—
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint ;
By day and night strict guard to keep ;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finish'd here,
In humble hope our charge resign :
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine.^b

539 *And Jesus said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while.—Mark vi. 31.* [10s.]

- 1 COME ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng,
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in my quiet strength again be strong.
- 2 Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known,
Alone with me and with my Father here,
With me and with my Father not alone.
- 3 Come, tell me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears.
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won :
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

DEDICATION OR CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

- 4 Come ye and rest : the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way and sink :
The bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.
- 5 Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even :
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and his rest in heaven.^p

Dedication or Consecration of a Church.

“THIS IS NONE OTHER THAN THE HOUSE OF GOD, AND
THIS IS THE GATE OF HEAVEN.”

540 *May thine eyes be open toward this* [L.M.
house night and day.—1 Kings
viii. 29.

- 1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay ;
We build the temple, Lord, to thee ;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd Gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna ! to their heavenly King.
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

DEDICATION OR CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

6 That glory never hence depart ;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone :
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.^b

541 *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.* [6s. 4s.
Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

- 1 CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On him alone we build ;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are fill'd :
On his great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.
- 2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing ;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious name.
- 3 Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh .
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh :
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are call'd away.*

DEDICATION OR CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

542 *I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming* [SIX
down from God out of heaven, prepared 8s. 7s.
as a bride adorned for her husband.—
Rev. xxi. 2.

- 1 BLESSÈD city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones up-built
Art the joy of heaven above,
And, with angel cohorts circled,
As a bride to earth dost move.
- 2 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining :
They are open evermore.
And by virtue of his merits
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for Christ's dear name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.
- 3 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polish'd well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath will'd for ever
That his palace should be deck'd.
- 4 Christ is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.
- 5 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day ;
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy people as they pray ;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.
- 6 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they supplicate to gain,

ROYAL ACCESSION—NATIONAL HYMNS.

Here to have and hold for ever
What they through thy grace obtain,
And hereafter in thy glory
With thy blessed ones to reign.

Royal Accession—National Hymns.

“O LORD, SAVE THE QUEEN; AND MERCIFULLY
HEAR US WHEN WE CALL UPON THEE.”

543 *Behold, O God, our shield; and look upon [L.M.]
the face of thine anointed.—Ps. lxxxiv. 9.*

- 1 O KING of kings; thy blessing shed
On our anointed Sovereign's head;
And, looking from thy holy heaven,
Protect the crown thyself hast given.
- 2 Her may we honour and obey,
Uphold her right and lawful sway:
Remembering that the powers that be
Are ministers ordain'd of thee.
- 3 Her with thy choicest mercies bless,
To all her counsels give success:
In war, in peace, thine aid be seen,
Thy strength command—God save the Queen.
- 4 And oh! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant her a throne in worlds on high,
A crown of immortality.*

544 *And all the people shouted and said, God [6s. 4s.]
save the king.—1 Sam. x. 24.*

- 1 God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen:
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the Queen.

LITANIES.

- 2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall :
Confound their politics ;
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On her our hopes we fix ;
God save us all.
- 3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour ;
Long may she reign :
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.†

Litanies.

FOR CHILDREN.

545 *He will be very gracious to thee at the voice
of thy cry.—Is. xxx. 19.*

- 1 JESU, from thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that thou art near :
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Little lambs may come to thee ;
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 4 Little hearts may love thee well,
Little lips thy love may tell,
Little hymns thy praises swell :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

LITANIES.

- 5 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly thine :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 6 Jesu, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 7 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 8 Jesu, thou dost love us still,
And it is thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 9 Be thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 10 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning's light :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 11 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that thou art always near :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 12 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 13 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

LITANIES.

- 14 May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 15 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 16 Jesu, Son of God Most High,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 17 Jesu, from thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 18 Jesu, whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with thee,
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

TO THE ETERNAL FATHER.

546 *Ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.—Rom. viii. 15.*

- 1 UNCREATED Fount of light,
Glory without shade of night,
Everlasting, infinite,
Holy Father, hear us.
- 2 Well of life that ever flows,
Life more pure than stainless snows,
Life in calm serene repose,
Holy Father, hear us.
- 3 Blessèd One, whose name is love,
Pleads with thee thy Son above;
Broods o'er us thy hovering Dove;
Holy Father, hear us.

LITANIES.

- 4 Round about thy sapphire throne,
Shines the rainbow's emerald zone,
Breathing heavenly peace alone :
Holy Father, hear us.
- 5 There before thy mercy seat
Saints in light and angels meet ;
Yet behold us at thy feet :
Holy Father, hear us.
- 6 Thou, whose deep compassions yearn
For the prodigal's return,
And his far-off steps discern,
Holy Father, hear us.
- 7 Aching hearts that long for rest,
Wilder'd souls by doubt oppress'd,
Babes that crave a parent's breast,—
Holy Father, hear us.
- 8 All have some great gift to seek,
Hungred, thirsty, weary, weak ;
All have wants no words can speak,
Holy Father, hear us.
- 9 Is not thy paternal board
With all royal bounties stored,
Priceless, countless, unexplored ?
Holy Father, hear us.
- 10 Thou who sparedst not thy Son,
Him thine own, thine only One,
Till thy work by him was done,
Holy Father, hear us.
- 11 Thou in all his sorrows nigh,
Thou, who heardest his last cry,
Thou, who sufferedst him to die,
Holy Father, hear us.
- 12 Thou, omnipotent to save
From destruction's whelming wave,
Death and hell and vanquish'd grave,
Holy Father, hear us.

LITANIES.

- 13 Thou, at whose right hand once more,
He is now, his conflict o'er,
Throned where he was throned before,
Holy Father, hear us.
- 14 Thou, who crownest him with grace,
Foldest him to thine embrace,
Him the brightness of thy face,
Holy Father, hear us.
- 15 All the richest gifts of heaven,
Sevenfold from the Spirits Seven,
Measureless to him are given:
Holy Father, hear us.
- 16 At his word thy Spirit came
Crowns of light and tongues of flame:
Oh for our Redeemer's name,
Holy Father, hear us.
- 17 Grant us in this holy hour
From his bride's exhaustless dower
Light and life and peace and power:
Holy Father, hear us.
- 18 Hear our cry, our voiceless needs:
Hear, in us thy Spirit pleads:
Hear, for Jesus intercedes:
Holy Father, hear us. Amen.

THE SEVEN WORDS ON THE CROSS.

547 *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.—Luke xxiii. 34.*

- 1 JESU, in thy dying woes,
Even while thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

LITANIES.

- 3 O may we, who mercy need,
Be like thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.
Luke xxiii. 43.

- 4 JESU, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near thee dies,
Promising him Paradise :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 5 May we in our guilt and shame
Still thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on thy Name :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 6 O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to thine ;
Cheer our souls with hope divine :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Woman, behold thy Son. Behold thy mother.
John xix. 26, 27.

- 7 JESU, loving to the end
Her whose heart thy sorrows rend,
And thy dearest human friend :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 8 May we in thy sorrows share,
And for thee all peril dare,
And enjoy thy tender care :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 9 May we all thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of thee :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?
Matt. xxvii. 46.

- 10 JESU, whelm'd in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

LITANIES.

- 11 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 12 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

I thirst.—John xix. 28.

- 13 JESU, in thy thirst and pain,
While thy wounds thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 14 Thirst for us in mercy still ;
All thy holy work fulfil ;
Satisfy thy loving will :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 15 May we thirst thy love to know ;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

It is finished.—John xix. 30.

- 16 JESU,—all our ransom paid,
All thy Father's will obeyed,—
By thy sufferings perfect made :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 17 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 18 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

LITANIES.

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.
Luke xxiii. 46.

- 19 JESU,—all thy labour vast,
All thy woe and conflict past,—
Yielding up thy soul at last :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 20 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 21 May thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

548 *I will be as the dew unto Israel.*—Hosea xiv. 5.

- 1 SPIRIT blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One eternal God and Lord ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 2 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 3 Source of strength and knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 4 Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

LITANIES.

- 5 Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 6 Thou by whom the Virgin bore
Him, whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 7 Thou, whom Jesus from his throne
Gave to cheer and help his own,
That they might not be alone;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 8 Thou whose grace the Church doth fill
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 9 Thou by whom our souls are fed
With the true and living bread,
Even him who for us bled:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 10 All thy seven-fold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 11 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 12 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 13 Come, to strengthen all the weak,
Give thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

LITANIES.

14 Come to aid the souls who yearn
 More of truth divine to learn,
 And with deeper love to burn;
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

15 Keep us in the narrow way,
 Warn us when we go astray,
 Plead within us when we pray;
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

16 Holy, loving, as thou art,
 Come, and live within our heart;
 Never more from us depart;
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.
Amen.

549 *I am the light of the world : he that followeth
 me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have
 the light of life.—John viii.12.*

1 LIGHT, that from the dark abyss
 Madest all things, none amiss,
 To share thy beauty, share thy bliss,
 Come to us : come.

2 Light, that dost o'er all things reign,
 Light that dost all life maintain;
 O Light, that dost create again,
 Come to us : come.

3 Light of men, that left the skies,
 Light that look'd through human eyes,
 And died in darkness as man dies,
 Come to us : come.

4 Light that stoop'd to rise and raise,
 Soar'd to God above our gaze,
 And still art with us all the days,
 Come to us : come.

5 Light that makest manifest,
 Beautifiest, hallowest,
 Light in thy joyous strength at rest,
 Come to us : come.

LITANIES.

- 6 Leave us not to say we see,
 While we shut our eyes to thee,
 Who knockest very patiently :
 Enter, and come.
- 7 All our good is thine alone ;
 All our evil is our own ;
 O drive it from before thy throne,—
 Come to us : come.
- 8 Works of darkness put away ;
 With thy harness us array
 To walk in light and wait for day,
 And thee to come.
- 9 We have done great wrong to thee,
 Yet we do belong to thee ;
 O make our life one song to thee.
 Come to us : come.
- 10 Come in all the majesty
 Of thy great humility ;
 Come, the whole world cries out to thee,
 Come to us : come.

550 *Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it.—Eph. v. 25.*

- 1 Jesu, with thy church abide,
 Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
 While on earth her faith is tried :
 We beseech thee, hear us.
- 2 Arms of love around her throw,
 Shield her safe from every foe,
 Calm her in the time of woe :
 We beseech thee, hear us.
- 3 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
 Help her, patient to endure,
 Trusting in thy promise sure :
 We beseech thee, hear us.

LITANIES.

- 4 Be thou with her all the days,
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for thine eternal praise :
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 5 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear :
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 6 All her ruin'd works repair,
Build again thy temple fair,
Manifest thy presence there :
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 7 All her fetter'd powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace :
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 8 All her questions reconcile,
Let not Satan's touch defile,
Let not worldly snares beguile :
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 9 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in thee :
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 10 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind :
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 11 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round—thy peaceful fold :
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 12 May her priests thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where they call, to lead :
We beseech thee, hear us.

DOXOLOGIES.

- 13 May they live the truths they know,
And a holy pattern show,
As before thy flock they go:
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 14 May the grace of him who died
And the Father's love abide,
And the Spirit ever guide:
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 15 All her evil purge away,
All her doubts and fears allay,
Hasten, Lord, her triumph day:
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 16 Help her in her time of fast,
Till her toil and woe are past,
And the Bridegroom come at last:
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 17 May she then all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright and worthy thee:
We beseech thee, hear us.
- 18 Fit her all thy joy to share,
In the home thou dost prepare
And be ever blessed there:
We beseech thee, hear us.
Amen.

Doxologies.

a.

[L.M.]

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

DOXOLOGIES.

b.

[L.M.]

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

c.

[C.M.]

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

d.

[D.C.M.]

To God, our Benefactor, bring
The tribute of your praise;
Too small for an Almighty King,
But all that we can raise.
Glory to thee, bless'd Three in One,
The God whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more. Amen.

e.

[S.M.]

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise address'd. Amen.

f.

[D. S.M.]

Praise as in ages past,
Praise as in glory now,
Praise while eternity shall last,
To thee, O God, we vow;

Whom all the heavenly host
And saints on earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory evermore. Amen.

DOXOLOGIES.

g.

[SIX 8s.]

Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
An equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee. Amen.

h.

[SIX 8s.]

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory; as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself must be no more. Amen.

i.

[7s.]

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

k.

[SIX 7s.]

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven. Amen.

l.

[D. 7s.]

Holy Father, fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;

DOXOLOGIES.

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be thou adored,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

N.B.—For metre Ten 7s. begin this doxology by prefixing the last two lines thus :—

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Evermore be thou adored,
Holy Father, &c.

m.

[8s. 7s.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One,
Praise to thine eternal merit,
Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen.

n.

[D. 8s. 7s.

Let the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before his throne :
Hallelujahs everlasting
Be to him, and him alone. Amen.

o.

[8s. 7s. 4.

Praise the Father throned in heaven;
Praise the everlasting Son;
Praise the Spirit freely given;
Praise the blessed Three in One.
Hallelujah!
Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen.

N.B.—By repeating the "Hallelujah" in the fifth line, this doxology is applicable to hymns of metre 8s. 7s. 7s.

DOXOLOGIES.

p.

[10s.

All praise and glory to the Father be
And Son and Spirit, undivided Three,
As hath been alway, shall be, and is now,
To thee, O God, the everlasting Thou. Amen.

q.

104TH M.

By angels in heaven,
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. Amen.

r.

[6s.

To Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before thy throne we bow,
And thee our God adore. Amen.

s.

[7s. 6a.

O Father ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,—
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be thine for evermore. Amen.

DOXOLOGIES.

t.

[6s. 4s.]

To Father and to Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given, -
As hath been heretofore
And shall be evermore :
Let all his name adore
In earth and heaven. Amen.

u.

[8s. 6. 4.]

To Father, Son, and Spirit, praise
From earth and heaven ascend :—
The loftiest notes that saints can raise
World without end. Amen.

v.

[7s. 5.]

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Hallelujahs round thy throne
Rise eternally. Amen.

w.

[6s. 8s. or 6s. 4s.
OLD 148TH M.]

O God, for ever blessed,
To thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confessed
By all in earth and heaven;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. Amen.

N.B.—By accentuating the second è in “blessèd” and “confessèd,” this doxology is suited for Hymn 22, P.M.

DOXOLOGIES.

X.

[8s. 4s.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou One in Three,
Praise to thine eternal merit,
All praise to thee :
From the morning of creation,
From the tribes of every nation,
Glory, power, and adoration,
Thine ever be. Amen.

Y.

[P.M.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of our salvation,
From earth and all the heavenly host
To thee be adoration :
As hath been from the ages past,
As shall be while the ages last,
Eternal Hallelujah ! Amen.

Z.

[8s. 6.

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
Glory to thee, O Lord. Amen.

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